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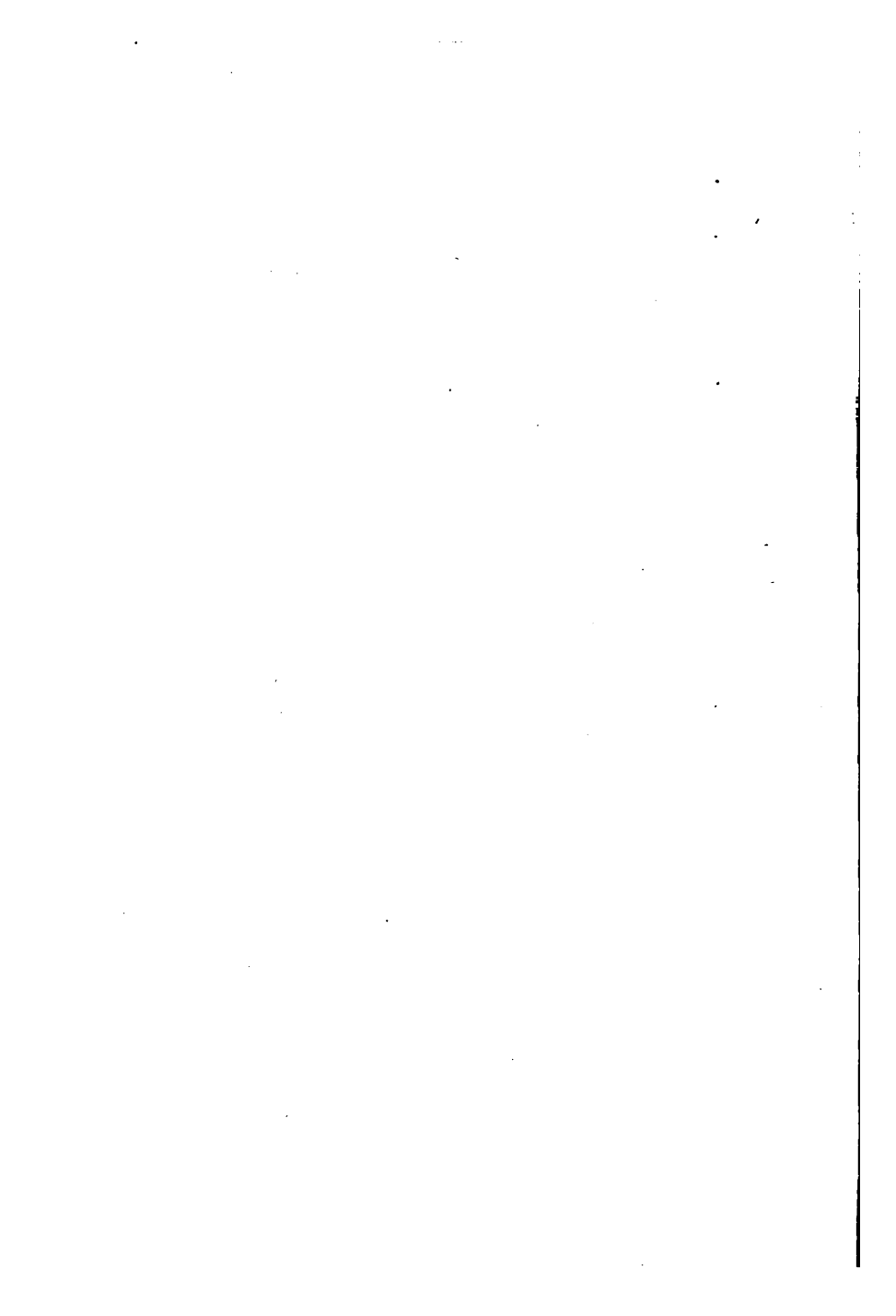




KILLEENY OF LOUGH CORRIB

AND

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



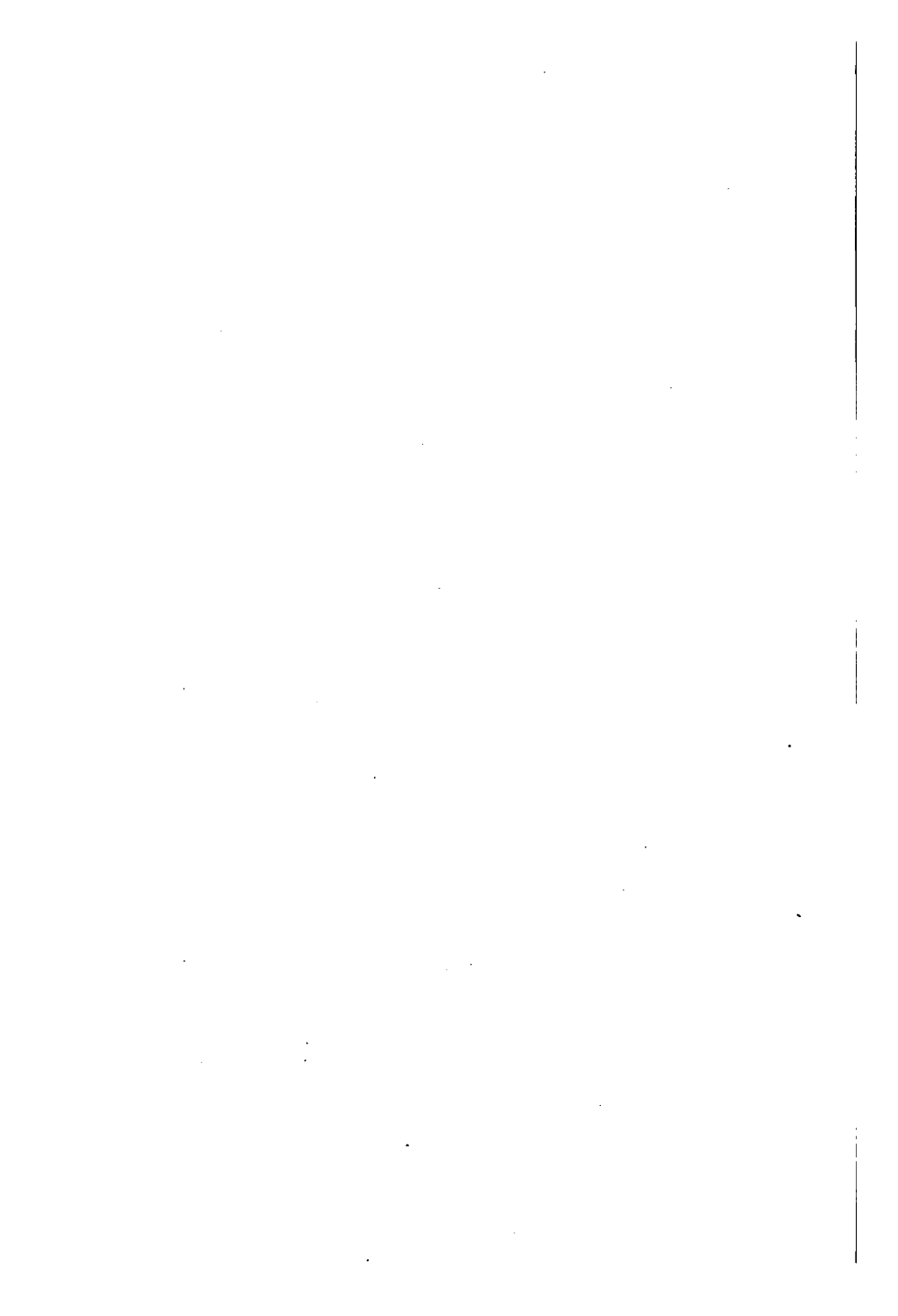
KILLEENY
OF
LOUGH CORRIB
AND
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

BY
L. G. CONDON.

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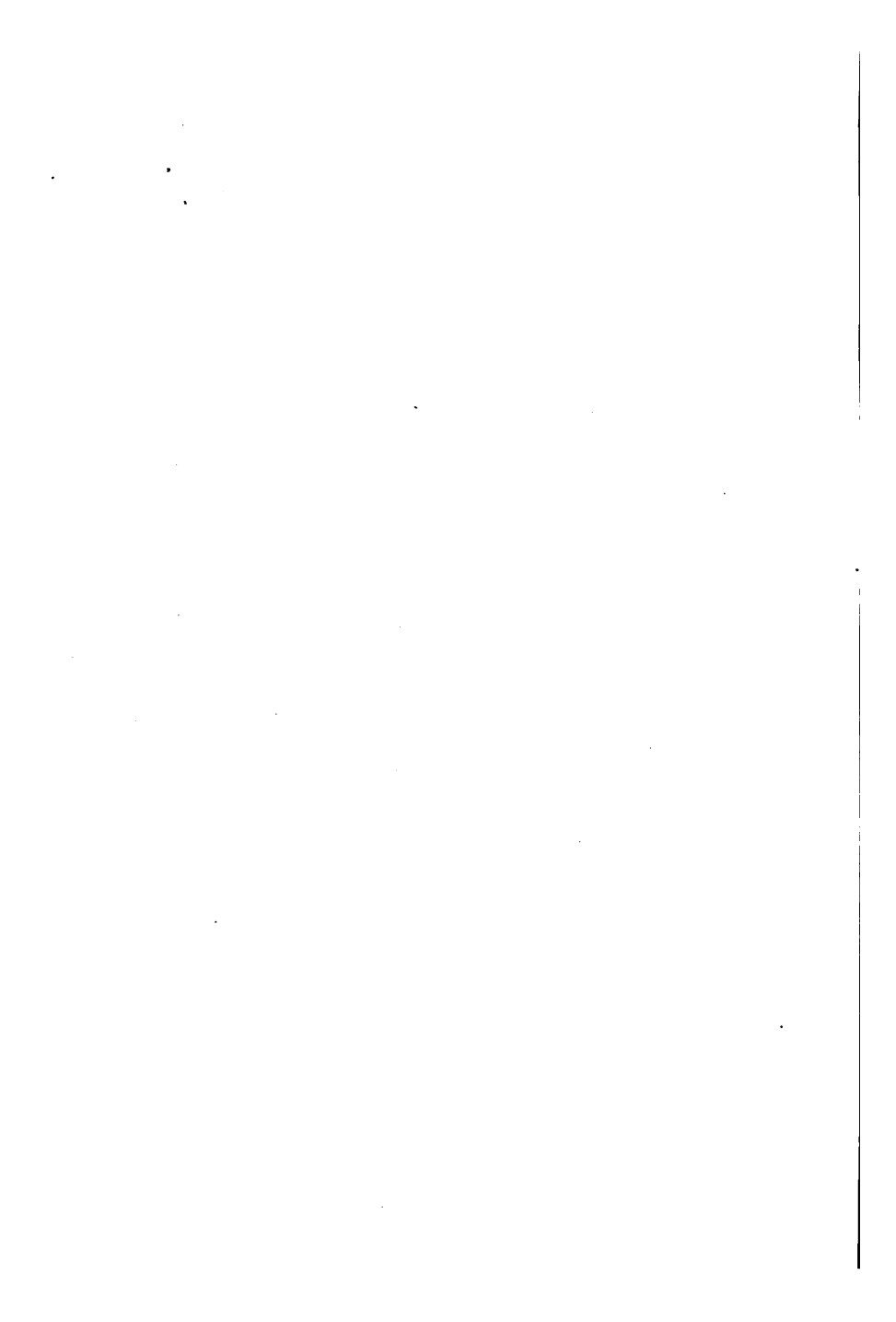
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TO
T H E O D O R A

This little volume is dedicated, with the humble respect and deep love of the authoress, to whom she has been a *true* friend, a fond companion, a disinterested adviser, a noble example, a faithful counsellor, and a ready sympathizer. It is but a poor tribute to one so noble and exalted, but she will pardon its weakness for the sake of the love that prompted it.

LIZZIE.





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KILLEENY.

Part First.

THE moon arose in waves of gold
Above the mountain's tow'ring peak,
In smiles of silv'ry light it roll'd
Across the ocean's dimpled cheek;
It glimmer'd on the rugged walls
Of old Killeeny's castle halls,
And on the turret, ivy-grown,
On battlement and keep of stone
With calm untroubl'd light it shone.
There was a silence in the air,
A solemn hush on all around,
As tho' the withering breath of care
Had never swept across that ground.
And all was still; the purple heath
Look'd like the silent plumes of death,
The banners on the frowning keep
Hung pendant, and the smiling ocean
In dreamless slumbers seem'd to sleep,
And all was still as saint's devotion.

And he, Killeeny's dark-brow'd lord,
 Sleeps calmly on his reeking sword,
 Which he that day had deeply dy'd,
 And smil'd upon the crimson tide
 Of blood, which damp'd the sun-lit sod,
 And met his steps where e'er he trod.
 Yet prayers were on his venom'd tongue,
 While his fierce falchion ceaseless swung ;
 And hell was in his burning heart,
 Hate from his dark eye was flashing ;
 While o'er him wing'd the blood-stain'd dart,
 And crimson'd swords around were clashing.
 And he dar'd think that o'er him shone
 The Godhead's smile, his keen blade lighting
 To where some deed was yet undone
 Whose crime the very fiends was frightening.
 And he could raise that reeking sword,
 As trophy to th' insulted Lord,
 And shout above the soul just fled—
 "Glory to God ; the slave is dead !"

And now he sleeps, unmov'd and calm,
 As tho' the perfum'd lips of heaven
 Were breathing o'er him soothing balm
 Such as to stainless souls is given.
 Just God ! that such a wretch should breathe
 Unfetter'd, while the gloom of death
 Is spread by his remorseless hand
 O'er souls as true and bright as ever
 Fought bravely for a fallen land,
 And perished in the vain endeavour.

O Erin ! wretched land of woe !
 Since first the Saxon's pathway gory
 Was pav'd by thy disunion's glow,
 Which burned all brightness from thy story ;
 Since first the pallid glare of shame
 Fell darkly o'er thy worshipped name ;
 Since thy ruin'd children bent beneath

The haughty conqueror's frown of death,
Never since then above thy head
Such hopeless desolation spread,
As that which fierce Killeeny's hand,
Dark chieftain of the godless band,
Flings o'er thee, ruin'd and outcast land.
Thy sons have learn'd to meekly bow
The servile knee and shameless brow
Before the haughty conqueror's throne,
And have forgot 'twas once their sires ;
Their ancient faith is, too, o'erthrown,
Their altars burn'd in Saxon fires ;
The deeds their fathers did forgot ;
The shrines they knelt to, stain'd and broken ;
And—oh ! that such disgrace were not—
The tongue they lov'd unknown, unspoken.
Ah, 'twas not thus our sires of old
Kept thy lov'd name unstain'd and bold,
And tho' the clank of chains was heard,
They struck against the clashing sword ;
And tho' the crimson banner wav'd
Above thy tow'rs, hearths too were red
With the best blood of those who brav'd
E'en death for thee, and smiling fled !

Yet Erin, yet, *all* is not lost ;
One burning hope to thee remains ;
Some gallant souls again have toss'd
From their proud limbs the galling chains,
And sworn in blood to wipe the stains
From thy pale brow, and o'er it fling
The light which once us'd round it cling,
Like the last ling'ring star that peeps
From heaven, while all around it sleeps.
This hope gleams o'er each dauntless soul,
The last, the brightest, purest goal.

In yon grey turret, lone and high,
Which seem'd to frown in heaven's face,

To which the blue and moonlit sky
 Could lend no softening shade of grace ;
Thro' the high window's ivy wreath
 A face look'd out, so wildly bright,
What wonder that the summer's breath
 Was hush'd in stilly awe that night,
And to the silver smile of heaven
A softer, tenderer light was given.
For never yet, by night or day,
 A fairer face had bless'd a lover,
And never such a heavenly ray
 A mortal beauty trembled over,
As that which Night's pale smiles discover
Within the ivy-latic'd bower
Of grey Killeeny's castle tow'r.

How beautiful, how softly bright,
Are the dark curls and cheeks of light,
The eye of fire, the breast of snow,
The lips, where wond'ring roses glow,
And think the light of these young smiles
The sun of their own Eastern Isles.
Such are the beauteous maids who dwell,
 Erin, among the lofty mountains,
Or wander thro' the leafy dell,
 Like sunbeams o'er the placid fountains.
But e'en the fairest, loveliest child
 That ever dwelt by thy blue water,
Could never match the beauty wild
 Of Erna, dark Killeeny's daughter.

You've seen the sunbeam's flick'ring ray,
Or watch'd the wanton zephyrs play
Along the fountain's ripples gay ;
And such was she, a smile of light,
A dew-drop on the brow of night,
A laugh of beauty, warm and wild,
Such as none e'er would deem *his* child.
With large pure eyes, of such deep hue

That one could scarcely call them blue ;
And thro' those azure mirrors beam'd
A soul where sin had never gleam'd ;
And tho' within her breast of snow—

Which rose like foam-capp'd waves of ocean—
Earth's warmest, tend'rest passions glow,

'Twas such a sweetly pure emotion ;
So full of heav'nly tenderness,
You could not wish to have it less ;
And if she err'd, 'twas but the wild
Impulses of a wayward child.

And such was she, the petted child,

The idol of Killeeny's heart ;

The only one on whom he smil'd—

Save when a smile held death's swift dart—

Even he, that tyrant Saxon chief,

Whose very soul was steep'd in blood ;

Who seem'd to feel a keen relief

When wading through the crimson flood ;

Even he, that man of crime, could feel

Love throb within his heart of steel ;

Within his sinful, guilty breast

One spot was kept unstain'd and bright,

And she to that pure spot was press'd,

And filled it with a holy light.

But why is Erna's cheek so pale ?

The roses on it loved to dwell ;

And why, beneath her fluttering veil,

Doth her white breast so wildly swell ?

Can one so pure know aught of pain ?

Can one so young know aught of woe ?

Can she, the beauteous, feel in vain

In her young breast love's dawning glow ?

Those eyes were wont to look more bright

Beneath the tender smile of night ;

And never since her birth till now

Had sorrow dimm'd her radiant brow.

This morning, from her lattice high,
She gaz'd upon the field of slaughter,
With roseate cheek and tearless eye,
Such as became Killeeny's daughter.
For often, in the ev'ning hour,
When seated in his turret bow'r,
She listen'd with attention cold
To the dread words her father spoke
Of those dark rebels, fierce and bold,
Who ev'ry law of heaven broke
In their wild hope to burst the band
Which firmly bound their bleeding land.
He spoke of them as fiends of blood,
Who revell'd in the crimson flood
Thro' which their reckless footsteps trod ;
As men without a faith, a God ;
The children of a cursed race,
Whose very name implied disgrace ;
Vile heretics, whose only faith
Was the red creed of blood and death ;
And ev'ry deed of sin and crime
Which swept across that troubl'd time,
He told her that he knew and felt
Was done by the ungodly Celt.
And if across the midnight sky
A lurid gleam was seen to fly,
Again 'twas that heretic band
Another deed of crime pursuing ;
Again were they their native land
In her own children's blood imbru'ing.
And there was one, whose dreadful name
He spoke in low and whisper'd tone,
As if he fear'd that eye of flame
With vengeful hate upon him shone.
Ev'n there, within that fairy bow'r,
Surrounded by his arm'd minions,
He seem'd to fear dark Hugo's pow'r
Could strip him of his broad dominions.
And she had learn'd to shrink with dread,

And, trembling, veil her golden head ;
Her gentle heart had learn'd to bound
With terror at the fearful sound
Of that dark name, which hourly fell
From lips around with hateful hiss,
And she was taught that even hell
Contain'd no soul as black as this.
'Twas thus the gentle Saxon maid
Had learn'd to hate the rebel lord,
And shrink, with heart appall'd, dismay'd,
From him who liv'd by flame and sword.
And when, like a child of air,
She breath'd at eve her simple pray'r,
She pray'd that that unhallow'd chief,
Who fill'd so many homes with grief,
Might yet in her sire's pow'r be thrown ;
For she believ'd 't no sin to slay
A wretch round whom no virtue shone ;
Whose soul felt not one heavenly ray ;
A dreadful fiend, whose very name
Swept o'er the heart like a breath of flame.
But yet she long'd to see his face,
To gaze upon that fearful brow,
To mark if her pure eye could trace
Upon it his fierce soul's dark glow.
And, laughingly, she bade her sire
When e'er he caught that Son of Fire
To place him where her wond'ring gaze,
Unharm'd, might rest upon his face.
And, in a vengeful whisper, he
Had fiercely sworn that she should see
The godless slave in felon chains
Before another sun had set—
And then he dash'd across the plains,
His thirsty sword, in blood to wet.

Well has he kept his angry vow !
Erna has seen the rebel wild,
And gaz'd upon the bloodstain'd brow
Which she was taught had never smil'd.

Her pray'r has soar'd beyond the sky,
To-morrow's sun will see him die;
And yet her gentle brow is pale,
Large tears in her dark eyes are welling,
Beneath her corset's silken veil

Her breast with bitter grief is swelling.
Yes, she has seen the savage Celt,
The wretch whose vulture heart ne'er felt
A throb of pity for a foe;
Who smil'd upon another's woe;
The godless slave, the Son of Fire,
The object of her father's ire;
The hated of the good and true;
Yes, she has seen—and loved him too.
Ah, Love! What fatal charm is thine!

What witching spell is ever o'er thee;
What magic graces round thee shine,
That ev'ry heart must bow before thee!

A flow'r upon a precipice;
A pearl 'neath the treach'rous wave;
The Day-God's last and ling'ring kiss;
A sunbeam o'er a ruined grave.

Ah, Love! such is thy fatal spell,
Too lately felt, yet known too well!
And yet, who would not rather sink—
While fairy music breath'd a knell—

Upon the fatal chasm's brink,
Holding within his dying grasp
The treasure he had died to clasp—
Than calmly live and tamely wear
A flower that flutter'd on the air;
Which wafted to his listless arms
Its pale and scarcely valued charms?
Better to die, and proudly feel

That you have struggled for and won,
Than thro' a cold existence steal
Where never cloud obscur'd its sun.
And love had swept its rosy wave
Across fair Erna's trembling breast,

Since first, with lustre calm and grave,
She saw his dark eyes on her rest.
"Oh, never yet," she murmur'd low,
"Could that high brow conceal a soul
Where rank, unholy thoughts might glow,
And fiendlike passions darkly roll.
Oh! yes, his soul his pure and high,
That forehead bears no trace of gloom ;
And yet to-morrow he must die—
Great God !"—she had forgot the doom !
And now she stands, with lips apart,
And hands upon her bosom press'd,
As if she fear'd that throbbing heart,
In hopeless agony would start
From her white, cold and quiv'ring breast.

But soon from her dark eye the pain
Is gone, and all is clear again ;
Tho' from her cheek the truant rose
Has fled, the calm and tranquil snows
That glisten there more brightly beam
With courage, high and tender feeling,
Than ever graced the gaudy beam
Across the brow of beauty stealing.
"He shall not die, if I can save ;
If not, I'll share the Celt's red grave."
And now she hasten'd from her bow'r,
Within that high and lonely tow'r ;
Full many a sentinel she pass'd,
Whose heads were in obeisance cast ;
And when she said, in accents brief,
She wish'd to see the Celtic chief,
Not one dare ask what sought she there ;—
For tho' her face as heaven was fair,
In her large eyes there shone a fire
Which told Killeeny was her sire ;
And whose the hand so rude or wild
Dare stay that lord's beloved child ?
And every portal opened wide

While she pass'd on, with step of pride,
And the proud calm of her high brow
Told not the storm that rag'd below.

There was within that stately hall
One slave, whom Lady Erna knew
Would gladly barter soul and all
For one smile from her eye of blue ;
And now, with swiftly changing cheek,
And lips which their own music break,
She told her tale—and sought his aid ;
While he in humble posture knelt
And swore to help the trembling maid,
And free e'er morn the captive Celt.
O woman ! dreadful is thy power—
Nor time, nor place, nor death's dark hour
From thy magnetic spell is free ;
Worlds and souls alike are lost,
Creature of mystery ! for thee !
So thought the luckless Allan Crost ;
Yet he had his reward—oh, bliss !
That small and snow-white hand to kiss,
And her large eyes on him were beaming
With smiles of tender gratitude—
As bright as heaven's sunlight streaming
Upon some desert solitude.
His hand unbinds the massive bar,
Which falls with hoarse and sullen jar ;
With trembling steps the port she pass'd,
And quickly Allan made it fast ;
And now she stands, with cheeks of fire,
Before the captive of her sire.

He slept—and Erna nearer came,
And gently bent above his bed ;
With trembling lips she breath'd his name,
And laid her hand on his dark head.
His eyes flew wide—his hand was press'd
To where his sword was wont to rest—

"Dog of a Saxon, back or by——"

He paus'd ; for in the red torch light
There gleam'd upon his dazzl'd eye

A form of beauty, soft and bright.
He gaz'd, with cold and wond'ring eye,
Until a long and quiv'ring sigh

From her full bosom sadly broke ;
And wond'ring still he gently spoke :
"Sweet lady, who art thou ?" he said ;
And smil'd upon the Saxon maid.

Her golden head sunk on her bosom,
The blush forsook her shrinking cheek,
As o'er some fair and tender blossom

The rude cold winds of winter break ;
So over her young bosom swept

The name of him who was her sire ;
And bending her fair head she wept
Tears full of passion's wildest fire.

Lord Hugo gazed, with soft'ning brow,
On that bright beauty's dazzling glow ;
And with his fetter'd hands he pressed
Her trembling fingers to his breast.

"Sweet lady, is't for me you weep ?"
He asked in accents rich and deep—
As suited for love's tender fire,

As for the battle's deadly ire—
"Dost weep for me that pitying tear,
A captive's weary heart to cheer ?"

"For thee, for thee," she quickly cried
And then, amaz'd at her own boldness,

Her cheek with crimson blood was dy'd
Which fled, and left an icy coldness.

The chieftain gazed with swelling breast
On the white hand he still caress'd :

"And, lady, canst thou feel for me
One throb of tender sympathy ?
Can tears bedew thy gentle eye
For one who with the sun must die ?
I thank thee for that tear ; 'twill fling

A heav'nly balm o'er death's cold sting."
That one dark word remov'd the trance
Which held her speechless, and she cried,
With terror flashing from her glance,—
"Thou shalt not die, whate'er betide ;
Ah, think'st thou I could live and know
That thou were dead—oh, no ; oh, no !
Stranger, thou shalt not die ; 'fore day
Without those walls thou shalt be free ;
And wilt thou think, when far away,
Of her whose only thought is thee ?
I know thou art my deadliest foe,
That thou hast wrought my father woe,
And yet I cannot think that thou
Art all they say—oh, surely ne'er
Upon so high and proud a brow
Guilt set his seal of empire drear.
That thou art brave I know full well—
My sire thy prowess oft has felt ;
He deems thee some dark fiend from hell ;
And I, his daughter,—love thee Celt !"
She press'd her hands across her eyes,
As if to veil the bitter sneer
Which to his lips she felt must rise
When her bold words fell on his ear.
But he had felt each soft'ning charm,
With dreamy spells around him dart ;
And when her head fell on his arm,
He clasp'd her to his beating heart.
"Lady, thou hast not lov'd in vain,
My heart responds with joy and pain ;
That heart was ever stern and rude,
But little used to this soft mood ;
But the kind tear that gently stole
O'er thy fair cheek has wak'd my soul ;
And, oh ! to what a world of woe
It has awak'd—and yet not so.
Tho' when I leave this hateful den,
Thine eyes I'll never meet again,

Yet I shall feel, sweet girl, that one
 Has dar'd to love an outlaw'd son
 Of Erin—one whose very name
 Is hated by your haughty race ;
 One who has made their roof-trees flame ;
 Whose path is mark'd by ruin's trace.
 And when we part——"

 "Ah, no !—ah, no !—
 We shall not part"—she wildly cried ;
 " Oh, let me with thee, stranger, go—
 I care not where, so by thy side.
 Let me but share thy chequer'd life,
 Thy heart, thy altar and thy God ;
 It matters not, if joy or strife
 Surround my steps, the path you trod
 Should seem a heaven of light to me,
 Tho' it should lead—I care not whither ;
 I only ask for love and thee,
 Hugo,—where we can die together."

" No, lady, no ! if thou wert nigh
 Ev'n Erin's self should be forgot ;
 My only heaven thine azure eye—
 Coldness and gloom where thou wert not.
 Lady, if thou can'st set me free,
 I go ; but I must go alone ;
 My heart's best blood I'd spill for thee ;
 My honour—it is Erin's own.
 But who art thou ?"

 The maiden press'd
 Her hands across her throbbing breast—
 " And who am I ?" she sadly said ;
 " A wretched, hopeless Saxon maid:
 Hugo, when thou hast heard my name
 'Twill freeze within thy breast the flame
 Of love, that now so warmly runs.
 I'm one who has been taught the sons
 Of Erin are a perjurd race,
 Without a touch of God's bright grace ;

But that I know is false, for you
 Are chieftain of that rebel crew ;
 And thou to me art brighter far
 Than the best warriors of my land ;
 A proudly lone and glorious star
 Thou shin'st among thine outlawed band.
 Thou shalt not die ; or if you must,
 I too shall share thy lonely bed ;
 Better than live a life so curs'd,
 A hideous mock'ry of the dead.
 But list—oh, God ! my wilder'd brain
 Is tottering, when I fain would tell
 What stings my soul with madd'ning pain,
 And wails across my heart a knell.
 My name ! my name !—aye, Hugo, start—
 'Twas often heard mid scenes of slaughter—
 Now fling me from thy beating heart—
 I'm Erna, Lord Killeeny's daughter !"

" Killeeny ! God of Heaven ! and thou
 Hast dared "—he paus'd ;—the frighten'd maid
 Cower'd before the blacken'd brow
 Where vengeance flung its darkest shade,—
 He paus'd ; and veil'd his burning eye,
 And still'd his heart's rebellious cry ;
 In vain—its voice would still be heard ;
 Love trembl'd on his dusky cheek,
 And in impetuous torrents pour'd,
 The words from his full bosom break :—
 " Erna, from heaven why wert thou sent,
 With thy young beauty's blandishment,
 To make my burning soul forget
 The debt which must be render'd yet ?
 Thou know'st I hate thy perjur'd sire,
 As mortal may a demon hate,
 That in my breast there burns a fire
 Which nothing but his death can sate.
 And I am of that venom'd race,
 The Son of Fire, the godless slave,

Whom thy fierce sire has sworn to chase

E'en to the shadow of the grave.

And canst thou love a wretch like me,

Whose only thought is to be free?

One who has sworn to burst the band

Which binds to shame his native land?

A wretch, who bends each morn and even,

And swears by the red fires of heaven,

Never to rest until the flame

Killeeny's bigot hand has spread

Shall burn away my country's shame,

And thy false father's hated head?

Now canst thou feel love's tender glow

For one who'd work thy house such woe?

Yes, one who from thy very arms

Would break for war's more deadly fire;

Who'd pass unmoved thy pallid charms

To wreak his vengeance on thy sire;

Now canst thou love—now canst thou dare

Thy heart with such a foe to share?"

"Share! ah, sweet Heaven! thou hast it all!"—

The maiden cried in tones of fear—

"My heart is thine, and never shall

For other drop a single tear.

Yes, Celt, my very soul is thine,

My heaven and God from thy eyes shine,

No other thought or dream is mine;—

But, hark!—'tis Allan—thou must away,—

Another hour and thou art free,

And e'er thou meet'st the smile of day

Thou shalt be far from love and me."

With trembling hands and pallid cheek

Allan unlock'd the heavy chain,

And when at length he strove to speak

His voice was hoarse with fear and pain.

"Now, haste thee, chief, the morn is nigh,

If we are seen,—both, both shall die."

Lord Hugo bent his large dark eye

On Erna, and the heavy sigh
That from her trembling bosom fell
Struck on his heart like love's last knell ;
And lip to lip, and heart to heart,
They clung as tho' they'd never part ;
'Twas but a moment, and 'twas past,—
And his proud soul had crush'd its pain ;
“ One kiss, one more,—the very last—
Now, Erin, thou'rt my love again.”
Fiercely he flung away her arm,
And his dark mantle o'er him toss'd,
Then heedless that the faintest 'larm
Might rouse some soldier at his post,
Without the prison door he sprang :
And Allan shrank against the wall,
Trembling lest his spurs loud clang
Had echo'd thro' the vaulted hall ;
But all was still,—and now they pass'd
With cautious steps, but firm and fast,
Thro' lofty halls and portals wide,
And now they're on the mountain side.
Then Allan gave the Celtic lord
A coal-black steed and sun-bright sword,
One moment Hugo's glance of fire
Rested upon that castle grey,
Where the lov'd maid and hated sire
Were shelter'd ; then he turned away ;—
And springing on his restless steed
He dash'd away with headlong speed ;
But often his dark eyes were turn'd
To the lone tow'r where dimly burn'd
The light, he knew was Erna's lamp ;
Then dash'd, with frenzied heart and mind,
O'er rugged stones and heather damp,
Till that lone light was left behind.

Part Second.

'TIS morn; and Day's impatient steed
 Sweeps o'er the hills with fiery bound,
 Dashing along with reckless speed,
 Waving his gleaming mane around,
 Bearing the Sun-God on his back,
 Onward he bounds in a dazzling track ;
 And Morning's fingers have woke the strings,
 With a joyous thrill, of Nature's lyre,
 While from her mountain throne she sings
 Anthems of love to the God of Fire.
 The nightingale's sweet song is mute—
 Charm'd with the strains of her own wild lute,
 She died on the strings she knew so well
 To wreathe with a wild and magic spell.
 The lark has lifted his crest of pride,
 And soar'd aloft to the Day-God's side.
 There's a crown of light on Galtee's head,
 A smile on the brow of Slievenamon,
 And Comragh's plumes are tipp'd with red ;
 Around old Tara's ruin'd spire
 There's a starry ray, like hope's young smile,
 Where once in the morning's sunlight shone
 The glow of the Druid's shrines of fire,
 Kindling with glory the Holy Isle.
 There's a beam of light on Clontarf's plain,
 Whence the noblest Celt pursued the Dane ;
 But the Day-God's eye, with a sadden'd light,
 Is bent on that banner, red and bright,
 Which floats with a proud insulting glare
 In its robber pride on the stilly air.
 Oh ! where is the flag that once wav'd high,
 Like a smile of light on the morning's wing,
 And woke with its breath her lyre's gold string,
 Smiling with joy in the heaven's eye ?
 Where are the altars whose holy fires
 Flam'd round the land of our free-born sires ?
 Gone are those glories from Erin's shore !

And the vestal flame of her em'rald gem
 Brightens a tyrant's diadem ;
 Gone is her fame, to return no more !
 Crush'd in the dust her ancient faith,
 Silent her banner's flutt'ring breath,
 Her children learning to bend the knee ;
 Willing slaves to the conq'ror's throne ;
 Or those whose proud souls would be free,
 Wand'ring in exile, drear and lone—
 Such thy fate since the Saxon trod
 Proudly the cherish'd land of God.
 Land of the sainted and the fair !
 How could such tyrants linger there ?
 How could ye, sons of sires so brave,
 Chosen children of heaven's God,
 Stand on your fathers' ruin'd grave,
 And bow to a Saxon despot's nod ?

All have not fall'n ; one gallant band
 Still lives to scorn the despot's frown ;
 Still lives to guard that tramp'd land,
 With faithful heart and trusty brand,
 Till life's last flick'ring light has flown.
 Yes, there are souls that cherish yet—
 Alas ! that *one* should ere forget—
 The ancient faith—young souls of fire,
 Burning with freedom's wild desire,
 And they have sworn—by the bright flame
 That circles Bridgid's holy name,
 By Columb's tomb, and Patrick's might—
 Never to rest, by day or night,
 Till that red banner's pirate fold
 Shall drop above the Saxon's grave ;
 And till, in waves of green and gold,
 From castle keep and turret bold
 Their own bright flag shall wave !

And dark Lord Hugo was the chief
 Of that brave band who vainly try'd

To stem the waves of blood and grief
 Which their lov'd country hourly dy'd;
 And never yet, since Heber fell,
 And Ir's proud soul had ceas'd to swell,
 Beat there a heart whose haughty flame
 More proudly earn'd a chieftain's name;
 And never Brian's soul of fire
 Glow'd with more high and warlike ire,
 When on old Clontarf's bloody plain
 He cleft the haughty Norseman's chain,
 And wip'd from Erin slav'ry's stain,
 Than that which fir'd stern Hugo's breast,

And spark'd in his clear dark eye,
 When on his sword his lips he press'd
 And swore by heaven's great Lord to die
 On that keen blade, or make it weep
 Dark tears o'er Erin's shameful sleep.
 And others, too, had sworn that vow,
 Beneath the morn's kindling glow,
 And seal'd it with a sullen ire
 At the red Day-God's shrines of fire.

Killeeny, of the blood-stain'd sword,
 And perjur'd bosom, had been sent
 As a choice spirit from the Lord
 To work their woe and banishment;
 And well and truly had he dealt
 His promise to the Saxon king;
 And ev'ry fallen, wretched Celt,
 Felt his remorseless fury's sting.
 It could not last; these souls of flame
 Must wake at last to pride and shame;
 And soon Killeeny's butcher crew
 Had darker, deadlier work to do.
 But vain the gibbet, vain the fire,
 They could not quell young Freedom's ire;
 Vain the "choice spirit of the Lord,"
 Rebellion frown'd on ev'ry sword.

Lord Hugo, of the arm of might,
Shone foremost in the banded throng
Who rose to strive for Erin's right
And close the blist'ring page of wrong.
Never was chief more lov'd or fear'd
Than he whose voice was seldom heard
Save in cold tones of brief command,
Whose gloomy brow and flashing eye
Had aw'd the stern'st of his band,
Who quick obey'd, nor dar'd reply—
As if they knew that haughty breast
Held passions never yet confess'd.

Perhaps 'twas that unmirthful smile
Which caus'd the wild and dread belief—
Spread by the canting Saxon's guile—
That hell had loos'd the Celtic chief.
Flashing, but lone, he shone a star
Upon the rugged front of war ;
Deadly and cold as a scimitar,
Where e'er his glancing sabre fell
It rang a Saxon's parting knell ;
And never yet, in combat fair,
Was Hugo known a foe to spare ;
And then arose the whisper dire
That his great soul held more of fire
Than ever chief of mortal mould.
And when on his dark steed he dash'd—
With lurid eye and forehead bold—
Upon the foe, 'twas said there flashed
A gleam of demon-lighted fire
From steed, and sword, and chieftain dire,
Such as might glare, with fiery wrath,
Along dark Phooka's vengeful path,
When hurrying with hell's wrathful doom
Across Lough Corrib's haunted shore,
She lends its waves a deeper gloom
Than ever frowned there before.
Such were the idle tales that spread

Their poison'd breath o'er Hugo's fame ;
He whose warm blood was freely shed

On Freedom's broken shrines of flame.

Such was not he ; a nobler soul
Ne'er struck for liberty's bright goal ;
An arm of steel, a heart of fire,
As warm in love, as fierce in ire,
As ever chief who wav'd a blade
'Neath Dathi's golden sunburst's shade.
Beneath his gloomy brow there swell'd
Feelings as pure as ever held
Sway in man's weak and erring breast—
Like that cold lake where ever rest
Shadows as dark as friendship's grave,
And yet beneath its gloomy wave
Lurks many a fair and sparkling gem
Bright as an Indian diadem.

He was not one to crouch and bow
The servile knee and slavish brow
Before a haughty despot's nod,
And hail him as his country's God.
With burning hate and naked sword

He answer'd Britain's proud demand,
That servile homage should be pour'd

Around her by the conquer'd land ;

And those who meekly bent before,

And drain'd the cup of lotus wine,

Now fill'd it high with Saxon gore

And pour'd it on young Freedom's shrine !

But vain had been the desp'rate fight ;
Vain the echoing voice of right,
Against the steel-clad strength of might.
With mocking scorn Killeeny smil'd
On each mad struggle, fierce and wild,
And bade the reckless rebels haste
The Saxon's banded hate to taste.
Alas ! could Freedom's slender flow'r
Withstand the blight of his dark pow'r ?

Could that devoted patriot band
Strive 'gainst the legions of his land?
For ev'ry Celt's unaided blow
A thousand thunder'd from the foe,
Till pale grew Liberty's bright glow—
Then came the worst, the darkest stain,
Filling each heart with fear and pain,
Hugo was ta'en ; Killeeny's pow'r
Had triumph'd in a fatal hour—
And he, the brave, the proud and free,
Lay bound within the castle strong ;
While from her throne young Liberty
Wails her best, dearest champion's wrong.
But once again the chain is broke,
And his great soul in strength has woke
From the bright spell of Erna's eye,
Which for an hour had nearly drown'd
The hope which his young bosom crown'd ;
Forgotten now the tear and sigh,
And he was his proud self again,
Ready to die or break the chain.
And now away with lightning speed
He spurs his frighten'd quiv'ring steed—
Now he skirts the mountain's base,
Which proudly frowns in heaven's face,
Then from his smoking steed he sprung,
And the brave charger free was flung.
Up the steep hill he quickly press'd,
With fearless foot and swelling breast ;
From rock to rock with headlong speed
He darted, like the swift jereed ;
And now in reckless danger clung,
Or o'er the yawning chasm swung.
The wild bird flew, with shrieking breath,
From her night couch of purple heath ;
The wolf sprang fiercely from his lair,
In wonder how rash man could dare
In that dark night hour to intrude
Upon his sullen solitude.

Up the dark ravine Hugo sped ;
But now above the chasm stood—
Like giant guardian of the flood—
 A tow'ring cliff, whose rugged head
Had ne'er by mortal foot been press'd,
 Save by those outlaws, stern and brave,
 Who swore if ruin came their grave
Should be upon its lonely breast.
To scale that frowning black ascent
Young Hugo's quiv'ring limbs were bent ;
One fearless spring, the dread ravine
Is pass'd, his desp'rate fingers twine
In tangl'd fern and gnarl'd oak,
Which well can bear a sudden shock—
Fearless from crag to crag he leaps,
Scaling those dark and treach'rous steeps,
And now one last and desp'rate bound—
He's on the summit's rocky ground.

One moment's pause upon the height,
 To draw a long and fresh'ning breath,
And then, with eyes as darkly bright
As the red star that guards the night,
 He strode across the heath,
To where the watchlight's steady fire
Flam'd for the past a funeral pyre,
Spreading its broad and beacon rays
Around in bright and wrathful blaze—
One moment, with a troubl'd eye,
 Lord Hugo gazed upon the heath
Where his tir'd comrades calmly lie
 In sleep as still and stern as death ;
Then rais'd his horn, whose silver tongue
Soon a loud note of warning sung ;
Ere on the breeze its wild note died
Each warrior stood his chief beside.

"'Tis Hugo," burst from every tongue,
And "Hugo" from each echo rung ;

And loud and long the joyous cry
Awoke the calmly smiling sky,
And brightly spread the watchfire's blaze
On the young chieftain's glowing face.

"Yes, I am free," he slowly said,

With knitted brow and glance of fire,
Then sudden rais'd his haughty head,
And cried in tones of bitter ire :—

"This morning Lord Killeeny deemed
A rebel's head should grace his walls,
And never once the bigot dream'd

Of traitor hous'd within his halls ;
But I am here to strike once more
Or perish for the faith of yore.

We have done all that mortal may,

And let each fawning, traitor slave
Bask in a sensual despot's ray,

We've hands enough to dig a grave.

Aye, let them wear the servile chain
Their craven spirits deem no stain,
Let them submit to Britain's nod,
And desecrate their country's God ;
But, by that cross whose broken spire
Gleams thro' the watchlight's lurid fire,

Ere man shall call Lord Hugo slave,
That light shall flame a funeral pyre

Of wrath above my early grave.

Let them to Saxon altars bend,

And Erin's sacred temples rend,

And let them hail that bigot race

Their country's lords—oh ! black disgrace ;

Let Erin slumber if she will,

And bear the cursed bondage still,

Vengeance at least to us remains,

While life's hot blood bounds in our veins ;

And though the blow may be our last—

Like the fierce simoom's deadly blast—

'Twill sweep across that robber horde,

And, trust me, ev'ry crimson sword

Shall win the smile of Freedom's Lord !"
 He ceas'd ; and ev'ry flashing blade
 Gleam'd thro' the midnight's lurid shade,
 And ev'ry dark-brow'd chieftain bent
 Before the broken cross, that lent
 A sadden'd beam on all around,
 And glorified that rugged mound ;
 With gleaming eye, and frowning brow,
 They breath'd to heaven the wrathful vow
 Of vengeance on that hated foe ;

And swore that e'er two suns had roll'd
 Above them, they should strike one blow
 For fame, or sleep death's slumbers cold.
 And He who heard and help'd their sires
 When their shrines gleam'd in Freedom's fires,
 Heard the last vow that ever broke
 From lips that scorn'd a robber yoke,
 And smil'd upon each gallant blade
 Before that ruin'd altar laid,
 Which those proud souls had sworn to save,
 Or dig beneath it Freedom's grave.

That morn, within her lonely bow'r
 In dark Killeeny's frowning tower,
 Fair Erna's sate with pallid cheek,
 Across which fitful blushes break ;
 Sad tears had dimm'd her large blue eye,
 And lent her cheek that marble dye.
 " Was Hugo safe ! " again, again
 She breath'd those words with frantic pain.
 Poor girl ! how oft with brow more bright
 She watch'd the morning's dawning light,
 Nor dreamt that her gay heart could feel
 Such anguish for another's woe,
 Or that across her soul could steal
 Love for her father's deadliest foe !
 But all was changed ; the merry song—
 Which echo'd these dark halls along—
 Was silent, and the silv'ry lute

Unheeded lay, untouched and mute.
 Once with untroubled brow she stood
 'Mid all that warfare's deadly glow,
 Or smil'd to think that rebel brood
 Would soon at Britain's feet lie low.
 But all was chang'd ; the pallid brow,
 The shrinking eye, and whispers low,
 The sudden start, the scarlet flame—
 Like morning's blush on mount of snow—
 Dark'ning her cheek with crimson shame ;
 These omens of a warring heart
 Across her life-path sadly dart.
 No more she lists, with careless smile,
 Her father's tales of blood and guile ;
 But turns with sick'ning heart away,
 And hides the sudden tears that start,
 Dimming her blue eyes mournful ray,
 Wounding anew her breaking heart.
 And that dark morn when Hugo's flight—
 Alone, unaided, thro' the night—
 Was told by lips with fear grown white
 To fierce Killeeny, oh ! the blaze
 Of burning hate that lit his face,
 And from his bosom fiercely fell,
 Like the red ebbless waves of hell ;
 Like some dark demon of the waste
 He seem'd ; and never fiend yet traced
 On mortal heart more deadly sin
 Than flam'd Killeeny's breast within.

Alone in her high tow'r, the maid
 Shrank from his frown appall'd, afraid—
 For well she knew each sentinel
 To save his life would freely tell
 That she had sought the dungeon drear
 Where the unhallow'd rebel lay ;
 And Erna shrank in trembling fear
 Before his anger's burning ray.
 Mix'd with her fear one bright hope shone—

Hugo was safe—that thought alone
 Had pow'r to nerve her sinking heart,
 And chase the pallor from her brow ;
 On her alone his rage could dart—
 Hugo was free ! her lov'd, her own—
 And neath her passion's dazzling glow
 Her soul forgot its heavy woe.

Sudden along the vaulted hall
 Quick steps came to her lonely bow'r—
 Stern and hard as that grey old wall
 Grew the maiden's heart in that dread hour—
 Her large blue eye held a firm fire
 When rais'd to meet her angry sire.
 Dark was his face, and o'er its gloom
 A smile, like the light above a tomb,
 Gleam'd on the maiden's pallid brow—
 Ah ! well she knew its deadly glow.
 Oh, he must mean some mischief wild
 When thus Killeeny fiercely smil'd !
 "Minion, where has the rebel fled ?
 Answer ; or, by heaven's light, ere noon
 I'll find you another lover soon,
 And your sleep shall be with the dead !"
 "Father, I know not where he bides,
 Perhaps on yon mountain, lone and high,
 Perhaps by Corrib's haunted tides ;
 He's free—and, Killeeny, I can die !"
 Black—as the gloomy shades that lie
 Where Luggela frowns to the sky ;
 Deadly and cold as the sable wave
 Which flows o'er Cathleen's timeless grave—
 Grew his swarthy cheek and gleaming eye,
 And then he burst forth furiously—
 "By heaven's Lord ! ere another sun
 O'er earth its fiery course has run,
 His head shall grace yon banner'd tow'r,
 Or brighten a trait'rous wanton's bow'r.
 Ungrateful girl ! and could'st thou dare

That impious rebel's life to spare?
A slave whose godless hands are red
With the best blood our sons have shed ;
A heathen wretch, who bends the knee
To stone and fire in idol'try ;
A slave of blood, a fiend of fire,
O'er whom waves heaven's vengeance dire.
Perchance thou hop'st, rebellious fool,
When his unhallow'd sword has burst
The gentle bands of Britain's rule,
To share with him his life accurs'd ;
But never such a fest'ring blight
Shall darken Britain's swords of light ;
And never such a wretch as thou
Shall turn me from my destin'd course—
To death, I'll hunt Lord Hugo now,
With neither pity nor remorse ;
Before two suns are pass'd, false girl,
The rebel chief again is mine,
And thou shalt see the godless churl
Pour his red blood like ruby wine.
Ha ! dost thou start ! and would'st thou see
Thy father dead and Hugo free ?
No, by my faith, thy trait'rous sight
On such a scene shall never light ;—
That smile of scorn—ha ! think'st thou, maid,
That all hell's darkest, fiercest aid
Which glimmers on the rebel's sword
Can daunt the armies of the Lord ?
No, traitress, no ; the arm of God
Shall point the path Lord Hugo trod,
And His divine revenge shall burst
The bonds that bind these slaves accurs'd—
Yes, spite of rock and deep ravine
Hugo again shall soon be mine ;
And as for thee, ungrateful child,
But that my blood warms your false heart,
The fetters strong, and prison wild
Should hold thee, traitress, as thou art.

Enough ; I will not speak thy doom,
 Be it thy heart whose treach'rous gloom
 Has taught thee how to scorn thy sire,
 Thy country's weal and heaven's ire,
 And aid a wretch, whose very name
 Should fill thy Saxon blood with flame ;
 Should make thine eye light up with pride
 When he lay dead by Corrib's side.
 Thy name is now a scoff and jest—
 A scorpion in thy father's breast ;—
 And whisp'ring menials loosely smile
 And mutter of my daughter's guile.
 Above thy tomb no Saxon maid
 The lily's spotless crown shall braid ;
 Thy name accurs'd, thy grave forgot,
 And shunn'd by those who mark the spot—
 And friends and foes shall trace the slaughter
 Which soon shall darken Corrib's water
 To Erna, Lord Killeeny's daughter !"
 He ceas'd ; and Erna's pleading spurn'd ;
 Then from the chamber fiercely turn'd
 With heart where rage and vengeance burn'd ;
 And down the hall with hasty clang
 His heavy spurs and sabre rang,
 And on young Erna's heart they fell
 Like hope's last, faint, expiring knell.

Pallid and cold the maiden stood
 While fierce Killeeny there remained,
 As tho' her warm and passionate blood
 Had been by ice-cold fingers chain'd ;
 But now from her half-frozen heart
 Wild, madd'ning screams of anguish dart—
 In vain her maidens strive to cheer
 With witching lute, and soothing lay,
 The phantom of her bosom's fear
 Could not be frighted thus away ;
 For well she knew her haughty sire,
 His with'ring hate and deadly ire,

And much she fear'd his promise dire
Would soon be seal'd in Hugo's blood ;
And now with fear congeal'd she stood,
Again her cheek and brow all flame,
And wildly shrieking Hugo's name,
In accents of such bitter woe
As must have touch'd a heart of stone,
Her blue eyes clos'd, and sorrow's flow
Died in a low and heart-crushed moan.



Past Ghied.

TWO days have pass'd ; and lo ! the Night
 Steals o'er the earth with footsteps light ;
 All day on heaven's brow a cloud
 Loom'd dark and cold as Freedom's shroud.
 The morn had risen, sad and pale,
 With downcast brow and tearful eye,
 The wind-lyre sigh'd a funeral wail
 Thro' the grey arches of the sky ;
 The air was still—that heavy breath
 Which seems the sluggish pulse of death,
 Beat slow, and with a chill unrest,
 Thro' nature's cold, prophetic breast.
 All day in dark Killeeny's tow'r,
 With icy heart and burning brow,
 Fair Erna sate in her lone bow'r
 Watching the dark sky's sullen glow.
 She spoke not, mov'd not, still, profound—
 The woe which her young spirit bound
 Sought no relief in empty sound.
 All day she sat, with changeless cheek,
 And watchful eye, unmov'd but meek ;
 In vain her maidens throng'd around,
 And with the lute's enchanting sound
 Strove to dispel the fearful trance
 Which held their lady's soul and glance,
 And to the sweet lute's witching strain
 Join'd the more witching voice—in vain.
 Her eye remain'd sad, fix'd and bright,
 Her cheek lost not its chilly white,
 The merry laugh, the sparkling jest
 That once sprang lightly from her breast,
 The sunny smile, the footstep light ;—
 All, all are changed ; the sunken brow
 Told but a mournful story now.
 Night came ; and Erna sat alone,
 Her watchful maids at last were gone ;

Perchance it was that sudden boom,
Like giant bursting from the tomb ;
Perchance it was that lurid fire,
Seeming to tell of heaven's ire,
Which woke her from the silence deep
Which held her like a painful sleep ;
But tho' arous'd, the madd'ning pain

Which will not grant the boon to weep
Still held her in its stinging chain.

Poor girl ! how chang'd since that fond hour
When her pure soul hail'd Hugo's pow'r,
And with a reckless worship she
Bent to that wild love's phantasy !

Pal'd was the blue eyes' joyous light,
Faded the fair cheeks' blushes bright,
Around her broad and pallid brow
Sorrow had twin'd its mournful glow ;
Oft, with her dark eyes rais'd above,
She question'd if her wayward love
Had anger'd heaven, and brought this doom—
Worse than the silence of the tomb--

This ceaseless pain and wild unrest,

This madd'ning longing to behold
The face which but a moment bless'd

Her life, and left it drear and cold.
Her love had been a wild'ring dream,

Too bright, too beautiful to last,
One moment like a meteor's beam

It dazzl'd o'er her—and was past.

Hopeless she stood, with drooping brow,
Watching the storm-clouds fiery glow,
She trembl'd not, tho' the sullen shock
Of the thunder startled the haughty rock,
And the lightning play'd, like the laugh of death
O'er the terror wrought by the Storm King's breath.
Again, again that fearful roar
Peal'd thro' the mountain's cavern'd floor ;
Again, again that lurid light
Danc'd thro' the inky gloom of night ;

Black as despair was heaven's brow,
Save for the lightning's awful glow ;
Still as death was Lough Corrib's shore,
Save for the thunder's deaf'ning roar.
Pale and still at her lattice high
Erna stood, with unquailing eye,
Little she reck'd the thunder's breath,
Little she reck'd the lightning's death ;
'Twas not a natural calm, I wot,
For in that hour her soul forgot
There was danger for her in the storm's glare—
Ah! 'twas the fearful calm of despair.
Down in her heart was an icy gloom,
Well she knew 'twas her coming doom,
But on her high white brow no stain
Told of her bosom's anguish'd pain ;
And the brooding calm of her large blue eye
Spoke not of woe to the frowning sky.
Loud and more loud grew the tempest's roar,
More deadly and red the lightning's glare
Flash'd o'er Lough Corrib's haunted shore,
Lighting the midnight horrors there—
What means that flush on Erna's cheek?
Why doth her eye so wildly burn?
What sounds are those from her lips that break,
Accents of love, of fear or scorn?
Who is that headlong rider, now
Hid by the mountain's gloomy brow?
Now, by the lightning's dancing light,
Flashes the gleam of a sabre bright,
And an eye, whose glance is brighter far
Than the burning glow of Night's red star,
Gleams proudly out from the haughty gloom
Of his raven curls and midnight plume.
Fleetly he sweeps by Corrib's shore,
The echoes are lost in the storm's roar ;
Now he is under the rampart's shade,
With eye undimm'd, heart undismay'd.
" 'Tis he, 'tis he!" shrieked the Saxon maid ;

“Oh, God of pity, watch o’er him now !
Why does he seek the eager blade
Of those who have sworn a fearful vow
That ere to-morrow’s dawning light
Hugo shall sleep in death’s dark night ?
Save him, oh, God !—or if thy doom
Is fix’d, let me but share his tomb ;
Let me but rest beside him dead,
Let me but share his silent bed—
What’s that ? oh, heaven ! where is he ?
Was that my father’s shout of glee ?—
No, all is still ; and yet methought
I heard a step, my brain’s o’erwrought—
Let me be calm ; sweet heaven, save,
Or let me share his early grave !”
Is that a step in the corridor,
Or the stealthy creak of a closing door ?
Was that a sabre’s muffl’d clang,
Or a bell in the distant tower rang ?
No ; there’s a step on the oaken floor,
And a hand is laid on Erna’s door.
A sudden terror chill’d her blood,
And held her trembling where she stood—
Was it her sire who slowly crept
To her bow’r when he thought she calmly slept ?
What new terror had she to fear ?
What new agony threaten’d near ?
What dreadful doom was she now to hear ?
Pale and still her white hand press’d
Over her slowly throbbing breast,
With parted lips, and floating hair,
A marble image of wan despair ;
Or the pale angel guide of death
Counting the last, faint flick’ring breath,
Erna stood ; in her wide blue eye
Sparkl’d the light of a courage high—
Back swung the door of the lady’s bow’r,
The midnight rider glided by,
And stood in Killeeny’s lonely tow’r.

"Hugo!" her trembling lips could frame
No other word, then paus'd in dread,
Lest the wild sound of that lov'd name
Without her chamber walls had sped;
And then the flood of glad surprise
That fill'd her wildly beating breast,
Gleam'd from her large dilating eyes
Where glimmer'd still a vague unrest.
Oh! who has felt the dazzling light
Such meetings throw across the sight;
And who has felt the quick'ning bound
Of the hot veins, when the sweet sound
Of love from lips so deeply bless'd
Fall on the ear; and who has press'd
The yielding form to the young heart,
And felt the bitter pain to part,
And then the bliss again to meet?
Whoe'er has felt this rapture sweet,
Can feel the pure and tender glow
Which held the lovers speechless now.

Oh, never should a rude word break
The language of a blushing cheek;
There is an eloquence profound
In silence, and the jarring sound
Of speech half mars the spells divine
That round such meetings mutely twine.
Oh, never should the speaking eye,
The music of the timid sigh,
Be broken by the lips loud cry.
Mutely was Erna's joy confess'd
By the glad eye and swelling breast,
And the rich blood's crimson streak
Lit the wan beauty of her cheek.
Silently, with her fair head press'd
On Hugo's fiercely throbbing breast,
She feels his kiss upon her brow,
She meets his dark eyes tender glow.
Silent they stood, unheeded fell

The thunder's roar, the lightning's glare,
And if the tempest's deaf'ning yell
Rang for them a funeral knell,
They felt not the chill of despair.
But soon from Erna's glowing face
Fled the blushes' rosy grace,
And her bosom's joyous swell
Ceas'd, and the half-forgotten fear
Rose in her breast with aspect drear.
Wildly she sprang from his strong embrace,
The pallor of death on her upturn'd face,
Her white lips parted, and words of pain
Hot from her heart broke their silence chain :
" Hugo, my life, why came you here ?—
For tho' 'tis heaven to have you near,
Know you not that my angry sire
Swears ere the morn's God of Fire
Brightens the earth with his rosy light
Thou shalt have pass'd to the grave's cold night ?
I am a captive in this tower,
And even now, at this midnight hour,
Eyes may be watching—and thou—and thou—
Oh, God ! bethink of my father's vow !
Not thou alone, love, shall they slay,
My life with thine shall pass away ;
Think not I fear the gloom of death,
The grave were bright if thou wert nigh,
Could I but feel thy parting breath
Fanning my cheek I'd pray to die ;
But thou—oh, Hugo, thou must fly !
Ah, haste thee while the midnight sky
Looms black and chill on Corrib's shore,
Thy flight shall be lost in the tempest's roar ;
I'll pray for thee—away—away ;
Death—death awaits you if you stay !"

A proud smile flash'd o'er Hugo's cheek,
His dark eye shone with a haughty fire ;
" Lady, think you my heart so weak

To shrink from the rage of your Saxon sire?
I've come through the midnight's lurid gloom
From my mountain home, to gaze again
On eyes that are luring me to doom
And filling my soul with a sweet, sweet pain.
Well I know ere another sun
Thy father's life or mine is done ;
See'st thou that light, and think'st thou, sweet,
'Tis the lightning's flash on Corrib's lake?
No; and a deadlier fire shall greet
Your gentle eyes ere the morning wake ;
No, 'tis the watchlight's lurid fire,
Blazing, perchance, my funeral pyre.
Now thou canst see its blood-red glare
Lighting the hunted rebels' lair.
Ere, to-night my gallant band
By our ruin'd altar's watchlight stand,
Waiting to hurl the last fierce blow
At our God and country's demon foe.
Oh, lady, what witching spell is thine,
How hast thou link'd thy soul to mine :
I who hated thy treach'rous race,
And felt their blood on my trusty blade,
How could I bend to the lovely face
And golden locks of a Saxon maid !
Was it the gentle tear you shed
O'er the fetter'd captive's lowly bed?
Was it your gen'rous love and trust
In the Celt whose prison chains you burst?
I saw you, and sought no Irish bride,
With a heart of fire and an eye of pride,
My proud heart bent at your gentle shrine,
And my rude spirit blent with thine ;
I thought not then of your hated sire,
But yielded my heart to the soft, sweet fire.
Oh wert thou but an Irish maid,
And could we kneel, hand clasp'd in hand,
Before the same dear altar's shade,
And love the same old native land ;

Then, with a spirit undismay'd,
Thou could'st behold this dawning fight ;—
For the proud maidens of our isle
Have learn'd with childhood's infant light
To love alone the brave and bright ;
And tho' the heart be sad the while,
Their dark eyes wear a cheering smile,
While on to meet their country's foe
They proudly bid their lovers go ;
But oh, sweet girl, I would not part
With the least love-beat of thy heart
For the best, brightest, sweetest smile
Of the proud maidens of our isle !”

“ Then, Hugo, let me share with thee
Thy chequer'd life, where'er it be ;
Thou know'st not, Celt, what I can dare,
No woe too great but I may share ;
And I shall think war's fierce alarms
Are sweet when shelter'd in your arms ;
I can forsake those lordly halls,
Within whose grey and bloodstain'd walls
Lurks death for all I love, nor care
Where I may go so thou art there.
Oh ! take me to your mountain home,
Neath the blue heaven's starry dome,
Where I can live and die with thee,
Feeling that heart and soul are free.
My Saxon home, my Saxon faith
Shall die before the fresh sweet breath
Of our great love, and I shall feel
That now indeed I'm all thine own !
And we can then together kneel,
Hand clasp'd in hand, to heaven's throne
Till life's last fading light is gone.
Oh ! well I know whatever faith
Has taught thy worshipp'd lips to breath
Such glorious words must sure be true,
And it, perchance, may save me too ;

But ev'n should heaven with anger see
 My frantic efforts to be free,
 I care not, so I am with thee.
 Haste, Hugo, haste—without this wall
 Wert thou but safe my heart could rest ;
 On me, on me, heaven's vengeance fall ;
 Spare him, oh, God ! and wound my breast ;
 If I have err'd let me alone
 Suffer, the sin was all my own !
 But he's so pure and bright that Thou
 Might surely spare that radiant brow ;
 His only sin, sweet heaven, if e'er
 Sin dwelt within his spirit fair,
 Is love for me, unhappy me ;
 Who for his sake would turn from Thee,
 My sire, my land, and find the while
 My God, my heaven, in Hugo's smile !
 If this be sin, on me alone
 Thy vengeance, anger'd heaven, be thrown ;
 But spare, oh, spare my lov'd, my own ;
 Let him but live, untouch'd and free,
My life I freely give to Thee !"

How like an erring child of light
 She look'd, the sable gloom of night
 Circling her brow, the lightning's glare
 Tinging with flame her golden hair !
 Beautiful, with that passionate glow
 Redd'ning her forehead's spotless snow,
 And the wild gleam of her large blue eye
 Like a lost Peri of the sky ;
 Still—tho' her soul with woe was riven,
 And frenzied words from her pale lips swept—
 The angels gaz'd from the halls of heaven
 Down on her passionate heart, and wept
 For the sister spirit in that pure soul
 Wand'ring away from its destin'd goal.

Hugo gaz'd on the drooping form,

Like a slender flow'r o'er his stalwart arm,
Sadly he kiss'd the writhing brow,
For his high soul would keep its vow ;
His was that soul, uncheck'd and high,
Where virtue rear'd her spotless throne,
Where honour sate with fearless eye,
Feeling his heart was all her own.
Erna, to him as life was dear,
But honour claim'd a place more near.
"Erna, belov'd," he gently said—
Holding her close to his beating heart—
"Erna, beloved Saxon maid,
To-night again we meet to part—
Nay, start not, sweet, 'tis but awhile,
To-morrow's light shall end our pain,
Then you shall bless with your angel smile
My spirit, never to part again.
To-morrow thou shalt share my home,
Perchance in my lonely mountain tow'rs,
Perchance in the spirit-land we'll roam,
Thro' the flow'ry arches of angels' bow'rs."

"To-morrow ! oh, take me hence to-night !
Perchance the morrow's dawning light
May never gladden my weary eyes ;
Let me bide in your mountain tow'r,
Or under the gloomy frowning skies,
Sweeter far than this costly bow'r.
Down in my soul a dreary voice
Sadly whispers if now we part,
Never again shall my soul rejoice,
Or the love-throbs thrill thro' your heart !"
Wildly her arms around him clung,
Sadly her eyes to his face upturn'd,
While the words from her panting bosom sprung,
Fraught with the fears that wildly burn'd
Down in her torn and quiv'ring heart,
Fearing from Hugo again to part—
For well she knew in that dread hour

Hugo would keep his noble vow,
And she droop'd like a pale and broken flow'r
When he whisper'd again with anguish'd brow :—
“ Erna, sweet one, to-night we part—
Nay, cling not thus to my aching heart—
To-morrow's sun shall gild our grave,
Or bear us o'er the southern wave,
Far from those scenes of blood and pain,
To the orange groves of sunny Spain.
Nay, cheer thee, sweet, that pallid brow
Will haunt me on the deadly field,
Thou would'st not have me break my vow,
Thou would'st not teach my heart to yield—
Nay, smile again, one smile of love,
Perchance the last I e'er shall see,
Until we meet in bow'rs above
Where we can live unchain'd and free ;
One little smile to glad my heart
And teach me how to love and part.”

Gently he rais'd the pallid cheek,
And watch'd the slow smile sadly break
Across its snow, and then he strove
In firm, unfaltering tones to speak
Farewell—dread word ! but now his love
So long restrain'd, so long controll'd,
O'er his young soul its passion roll'd ;
And then her eyes of love and light
Such wild sweet tales of rapture told
As might have won a soul less bright.
One moment Hugo trembling stood,
Half yielding to the blinding flood
Of love that swept across his soul,
Tempting him from honour's goal ;—
When, hark ! the signal bugle woke
The mountain echoes, and it broke
On Hugo like a dying knell—
One moment's pause to breathe farewell,
One ling'ring kiss, one stiff'd sigh,

One anguish'd glance from eye to eye,
One choking sob, and smother'd cry,
One mad embrace—and he is gone—
Great God! and is she left alone?
She spoke not, mov'd not; o'er her soul
The fires of madness seem'd to roll,
One moment thus, and then a shriek—
So wild and shrill, it seem'd to speak
Of Eblis' torture, and it pass'd
Thro' the night air o'er the hill
Like the wild spirit of the blast—
And then it ceased, and all was still.



East Hough.

“**T**O arms!” in grey Killeeny’s hall
 These words rang forth their martial call,
 And o’er the courtyard’s rocky ground
 The tramp of hurried feet resound ;
 The plumed knight and esquire grim,
 The stern of heart and strong of limb,
 The flow’r of haughty Britain’s coast
 Throng round,—Killeeny’s iron host
 Full well each dark-brow’d chieftain knew
 What deadly work was his to do,
 And the grim smile that play’d athwart
 Each bearded visage, stern and swart,
 Told of the savage joy they felt
 In crushing the ungodly Celt.

And louder swell’d the tempest’s roar,
 And the red lightning’s horrid blaze
 Flash’d over Corrib’s inky shore,
 Lighting each Saxon’s eager face ;
 But louder than the tempest’s yell,
 From yonder mountain, lone and high,
 Peal’d the proud rebels’ signal bell,
 Borne by the storm’s wings more nigh ;
 Brighter far than the lightning’s flash
 Thro’ the sullen gloom rose their watchfire’s glare,
 And thro’ the silent night the crash
 Of sabres came on the war-touch’d air.

To his daughter’s bow’r Killeeny strode,
 Mutt’ring his canting praise to God,
 His brow was black, with a hell-born gloom,
 And like the charnel light of the tomb
 His dark eye gleam’d neath his low’ring brow
 With a subtle, fierce, revengeful glow ;
 Dark and cold was the bitter sneer
 Wreathing his lip as he enter’d there ;

But his fierce glance stirr'd no pulse of fear

In the young heart where dwelt despair.

"Erna," he spoke, in accents cold,

"I go to ravage the robbers' hold ;

Ere noon, my girl, thine eyes shall see

The godless slave who would be free

Grinning in death's captivity.

It moves thee not—now, by my faith,

Thou show'st but little fear of death ;

I have no time to linger now,

The night is passing swift away,

And I must keep my holy vow,

And slay the dog e'er dawns the day.

Be sure you do not leave this tow'r,

Nay, close within your turret bow'r

Remain, and with the dawning day

Thou mayest watch the deadly fray ;

Perchance thou'lt see that rebel vile,

And cheer him with thy brightest smile ;

Perchance thou'lt bend thy trait'rous knee

To heaven for him, nor think of me.

Do ; but the glory of the Lord

Shall circle round my righteous sword,

And the base slave shall bite the dust,

By man despis'd, by God accurs'd."

He ceas'd, and from the portal pass'd

Where his dark soul a gloom had cast.

High on the mountain's rugged brow

A faithful band are cluster'd now,

Lord Hugo stood with soul-lit face

By the red watchfire's haughty blaze,

Beside him stood the faithful band

Of trusted friends who swore to brave

One struggle more for their lov'd land,

And win—or share their chieftain's grave.

Turning, he clutch'd each faithful hand,

And then his voice the silence broke,

And loud and clear he proudly spoke :—

“ Once more, brave friends, our native flag
Waves from the hills its sunny fold,
Once more the crimson pirate rag
By Saxon hands is now unroll'd ;
Well, let them come, by Heaven's Lord !
For ev'ry foe their gleams a sword.
Look round, and view this ruin'd isle,
Which once was bright with Freedom's smile—
Look on her crush'd and sadden'd brow—
Look on her exil'd children now—
Look on that cross ; before it bow'd
With humble knee the reverent crowd—
Who tore it from the holy sod,
Before the sacred doors of God ?
Who tore the cherish'd altar down,
And rais'd instead a despot's crown ?
He!—he that man of crime and blood,
Vile instrument of regal pow'r,
Black leader of the demon brood—
Killeeny of the rock-bound tow'r !
That canting hypocrite, who says
His black deeds merit heaven's praise ;
Wretch, who could kneel at eve to pray,
And turn at ev'ry bead to slay.
And shall we bear this vile disgrace,
And shame our fathers' kingly race?—
No ; while the life-blood warms our veins
We'll strike to burst the Saxon chains ;
We'll strike, as did our sires of yore,
Who hurl'd the Norseman from our shore ;
If we must die—on, on ! the doom
Calls up no terror in our soul ;
For is the passage of the tomb
But the sure path to Freedom's goal.
Perchance 'tis sad to sink to rest
While all the world around is bright,
While youth's hot pulse bounds in our breast,
And love-beams shine from eyes of light ;
But who would for a maiden's kiss

Lose Liberty's entrancing bliss?
And who would for a year of life
Forsake the glory of the strife?
What reck's it where our bodies lie,
Our souls shall soar beyond the sky.
Oh! by our fathers' free-born name,
And by lov'd Erin's clouded fame,
Let us once more essay to burst,
With banded strength, those bonds accurst;
And let us raise the sacred shrine
Where our proud fathers knelt of yore,
Where now the creeping ivies twine,
And ruin'd fragments crumble o'er;
Let those who love smile on the pain,
'Tis sweet compar'd with slav'ry's stain.
Ha! there's Killeeny's trumpet note,
And see their silver helmet's glare,
How proud their crimson banners float
On the still night's insulted air.
Thank Heaven, they come—now, comrades, now
Remember Erin and our vow!
Death holds a charm for the brave,
There's glory in the soldier's grave,
And should we die 'mid war's alarms,
Oh, joy, we die in Freedom's arms!"

There seem'd a wave of holy light
To bathe that youthful hero bright,
When with uncover'd head he knelt
Before the ruin'd mountain shrine,
And ev'ry dark-eyed, fire-soul'd Celt
Half hailed him as a thing divine.
'Tis true his lofty brow was pale,
Save for the dark curls screening veil,
But the proud eyelid would not quail,
The quiv'ring lip was firmly press'd,
Nor spoke the conflict of his breast.
Was it a single tear that shone
On the long fringe of his proud dark eye?

Perchance, but ere it could fall 'twas gone,

And strangl'd too th' unbidden sigh—

One moment, too, his eye was turn'd

To where in lonely beauty mourn'd

His Saxon love—'twas but a glance,

And then his soul woke from her trance.

Then he stood, with calm untroubld eye,

By Erin's broken shrines of flame,

Proudly resolv'd to win, or die

For that lov'd country's clouded name.

Silent stood his chieftain band

With eager eye, and firm clutch'd brand,

Watching with stern and compress'd brow

Killeeny's march along the shore,

Eager to strike the last fierce blow

And quench those flames in Saxon gore.

"They come!" in accents stern and deep

From Hugo's lips the brief words fell,

"We'll meet them on the mountain's steep,

Or in the ravine's deadly well;—

On!" stern and swift each chieftain sped

Above the heather's purple bed.

Alas! poor ruin'd hopeless land,

How few and worn that gallant band,

How pale each brow, how gaunt and white

Each cheek gleam'd thro' the gloom of night;—

Still on they press'd, with stately tread,

One firm resolve, one pulse of fire—

Freedom, or refuge with the dead,

Beat in the hearts of son and sire.

Now they're on the topmost steep

Of that lone mountain's rugged head,

And fiercely up the ravine deep

Killeeny's hardy vet'rans spring,

And their bright falchions' deadly ring

Sweeps upward on the breeze of night,

Waking the mountain echoes lone,

And the jewel'd flash of their helmets shone

Like stars thro' the heavy gloom of night.
Sudden a sound, whose deadly boom
Might wake the tenants of the tomb,
Peal'd down the ravine's jagged side,
Waking the elves of Corrib's tide,
Who shrieked its horrors far and wide ;
Shaking Killeeny's rocky tow'r
Like the angel blast of the judgment hour,
And the hardest soldier's cheek grew pale
As that horror peal'd thro' the narrow vale.

Upon the lonely mountain's height
Hugo stood, with an eye whose light
Aw'd the sternest of his band,
Who silent bow'd at the brief command—
“ Fire !”—and again that awful sound
Peal'd thro' the mountain's hollow ground,
Making the very earth rebound ;
Out, like the fatal blast of death,
From the cannon's mouth flew the fiery breath,
And the leaden hail with a fierce hiss flew
The ravine's fatal caverns through,
Tearing thro' helm and shining shield,
Forcing the stoutest heart to yield.
Down in the ravine's dread embrace
Many a haughty Saxon lay,
The death-dew damping his swarthy face,
Seen by his helmet's jewell'd ray ;
Still with desp'rate strength they toil'd
Up the dark mountain's steep ascent,
Heedless that certain death lay coil'd
In ev'ry step, on, on they went—
Lit by the hate and fear they felt
For that dreaded chief, that godless Celt—
On, on they press'd, with rigid brow,
And fixed eye, whose savage beam
Was brighter than their falchions' gleam
In the red midnight's glow.

Up, up, and now one desp'rate leap
Will gain that haughty mountain's steep ;
Woe for the Saxon chieftains now,
Round them gleamed the deadly glow
Of twice two thousand sabres bare,
 Flashing with a sullen smile
From the haughty rebels' lair,
 Guarding well the sacred isle,
Circling thro' the lurid air
 O'er the foe, so fierce and vile.
Round and round the sabre swings,
On the glitt'ring helm it rings ;
Backward down the rocky steep
To the ravine's bloodstain'd deep
Roll'd the foremost Saxon rank,
 Burying living friends beneath.
Vain the thorny heath they grasp'd,
Vain they strove to reach the bank,
 Down, still down, with palsied breath,
 Struggling in the grasp of death,
Dead and living comrades clasp'd
In a last and dread embrace ;—
 Down the rocky ledge they fell,
Silent was the dead one's face,
 Wild the living's frantic yell ;—
God ! it was a dreadful sight
From that fatal mountain's height ;
Well has Hugo kept his vow,
Well is vengeance glutted now ;
Many a Saxon matron pale,
Pointing to that lonely vale,
Shall tell her babe how his brave sire
Fell victim to that chieftain dire,
That godless Son of Sin and Fire !

Killeeny saw, with frantic ire,
His bravest, noblest chiefs expire,
And on, with frowning brow, he press'd
 To scale the black cliff's sullen peak ;

Hell's blackest hate glow'd in his breast,
 And darken'd o'er his bearded cheek—
 On, on, his warriors throng behind,
 Fierce as the simoom's deadly wind,
 When o'er the Eastern plains it sweeps,
 Carrying in its scorching breath
 The noxious fire which swiftly steep
 Its victims in the sleep of death.
 At ev'ry step a Celt's wild yell
 Rang forth a Saxon's dying knell,
 And ev'ry gloomy mountain cave
 Had now become a reeking grave—
 Still on, with Saxon strength and pride,
 Which fear and death alike def'd,
 Killeeny strode, and closely press'd
 His warriors up the mountain's breast.

Lord Hugo saw with darken'd eye
 His gallant chiefs around him lie,
 Tho' for each Celtic soul that fled
 Ten Saxon's slumber'd with the dead ;
 Well Hugo knew his little band
 Could ne'er Killeeny's pow'r withstand,
 If once that chieftain's foot was press'd
 On the tall mountain's rugged crest ;
 In that dread hour his gallant soul
 O'er all earth's feelings seemed to rise,
 He saw but Freedom's destin'd goal—
 The glorious goal—with longing eyes,
 As if he pray'd to meet the blow
 And sleep in Liberty's bright glow
 For Erin ; that one burning thought
 Swell'd in his heart, and o'er his brow
 A wreath of martyr-glory wrought,
 And lit it with a radiant glow.
 For Erin and his father's name,
 Her gallant sons, her daughters bright,
 Her ruin'd shrines, her sullied fame,
 Her gloomy tears and clouded light—

With that wild rapture which might grace
 The dooméd martyr's radiant face,
 He gaz'd upon the red watchfire
 Which rose in waves of lurid ire,
 As if it flam'd a funeral pyre
 Above that life so lov'd and bright ;
 He gaz'd upon the angry light,
 And smil'd, as smile the patriot brave
 Above the soldier's redden'd grave.

The cliff is gain'd ; Killeeny's host
 Stand panting on the topmost steep ;
 Lord Hugo feels all hope is lost
 Of ending Erin's shameful sleep—
 One bitter sigh, one sudden pang
 Stirr'd in his young enthusiast heart,
 'Twas but the fleeting pain to part
 With life ; and then his clear voice rang
 Its notes of pride to that brave band
 Who struggled for the dear old land.
 The words he spake were few and brief,
 But noble, as became a chief
 Of men so true, of hearts so brave—
 Words shrin'd on Freedom's reeking grave—
 Words brighter than the herald's scroll,
 And pure as his own gallant soul—
 No trace of fear was in that tone,
 From the dark eye no terror gleam'd,
 A hero-glory round him shone,
 As bright as e'er from heaven beam'd ;
 One piercing glance around he flash'd
 And on the foe he fiercely dash'd,
 Then from his proud lips burst the cry—
 " Now, comrades, we have but to die ! "

And now upon that mountain high
 Arose the conflict's deadly cry,
 Now sword met sword with vengeful clash,
 And in the watchfire's lurid light

Gleam'd pluméd helm and corslet bright—
One moment high the falchions flash,
Then meet with fierce and deadly crash,
Lending such horror to the night
That hell must think her fiends accurs'd
Their bonds within her walls had burst,
And sped in mad career to lend
Their demon aid to fight and bend
The stubborn Celts, who still would fling
Defiance in the face of death,
Or sinking neath the fatal sting
Sleep on the martyr's gory wreath.

"For England and St. George !" the cry
Flew upward to the watchful sky ;
"For God and Freedom !" stern and loud
Rang forth that war-cry sad and proud ;
Upon the sullen breeze it blew,
And the dark caves thro' which it flew
Echo'd "For God and Freedom !" too.
Now foe met foe in fierce embrace
Hate fir'd each heart, and lit each face,
Blade clash'd 'gainst blade in deadly strife—
One fought for Freedom, one for life.
The mountain heath with blood was red,
And on its damp and tramp'd bed
Lay pil'd the living and the dead ;
Some clutching still the broken brand
In the stiff, cold and pulseless hand,
And some, with life's expiring cry,
"For God and Freedom !" shout—and die.

It was a fearful sight, I said,
Seen by the watchfire's blazes red,
The brow of heaven was black as death,
The earth with blood was red beneath,
The thunder pealed its deaf'ning roar,
The lightning laugh'd in horrid glee,
And the dark elves of Corrib's shore
Shriek'd loud in vengeful mockery ;

The wolves sent forth their hungry growl,
And round the dying warriors prowl ;
The birds spring from their heathy bed
And screech above the silent dead ;
And still in deadly conflict press'd
Saxon and Celt upon the crest
Of that proud hill, which loom'd the grave
Of Freedom, and that gallant band
Which strove with desp'rate strength to brave
The steel-clad despots of their land ;
And grim and stern each bearded face
Shone in that red revengeful blaze,
And with unceasing fury rang
The cheering shout and sabre clang.

But vain, alas ! that desp'rate fight
Against the banded strength of might,
The eye of heaven looked stern and cold
Upon that struggle wild and bold ;
For ev'ry reeking Celtic brand
A thousand help'd the Saxon's hand.
Killeeny press'd with vengeful haste
To reach the Celtic chieftain's side,
His dripping blade yet long'd to taste
That young warm heart's impassion'd tide.
One moment Hugo's fingers rest
Upon his sword, his dark eye flash'd
The vengeful feelings of his breast ;
One moment, and the sword had flash'd
Around Killeeny's pluméd crest ;
But ere the blow could fall, a hand
Round Hugo's desp'rate arm was press'd,
And stay'd the red uplifted brand—
He turn'd—great God ! can form so blest
Stand scathless 'mid an armed band !

'Twas Erna, Lord Killeeny's child,
Who now before him brightly smil'd,
And rais'd her eyes, half joy, half grief,
In pleading to his glowing face,

Still clinging round the wond'ring chief
In love and terror's wild embrace.
"Hugo, my bosom's dearest lord!"
Half trembling sigh'd the Saxon maid,
"Oh! hast thou not one welcoming word
To greet me in this dreadful shade?
I've come, belov'd, to share thy doom,
What e'er it be—the silent tomb
Were sweeter far when shar'd with thee
Than life and parted misery;
Thou'st told me how an Irish maid
Can love alone the brave and high,
Now thou shalt see I'm not afraid
To love a Celt, and with him die!"

Oh! wonder not if in that hour
His soul half bent to love's sweet pow'r,
Her young sweet face before him glow'd,
Her long gold curls around him flow'd,
Her large eyes beam'd, her red lips smil'd,
Her words pour'd forth warm, ardent, wild—
One moment o'er his soul a blaze
Of passion spread its glowing trace,
Thoughts of another far off land,
Where they might rest in coming days,
And revel in love's witching rays,
Half dimm'd the glory, wild and grand,
Of that lone hill and battle drear,
His country's fame and clansmen dear.
Soon o'er his cheek a red flush broke,
Which told the maid how false her dream,
And his great soul again had woke
From passion's bright but transient gleam.
"My Erna, best beloved maid!
Must my dark fate enshroud thee too?
Oh, had'st thou in Killeeny stay'd,
Thy gentle eyes might never view
Such terrors as surround thee now,
And fling their horrors o'er thy brow;

'Tis sweet to know that thou wilt share
The last dark hour of life with me ;
But, ah ! thou art too young and fair
To bear this bitter agony ;
But if thou wilt, then side by side
In death, I'll claim my peerless bride ;
My lips shall feel thy parting breath
To soothe the sharper cold of death,
Together we shall sink to rest
Upon this haughty mountain's breast,
Together we shall mix our sighs
In the bright halls of Paradise.
See you yon holy ruin'd shrine,
Where gleams a light of love divine ?
Beneath that cross there lurks a cave
Which I have sworn shall be my grave,
Should our last struggle prove in vain
To burst the tyrant's galling chain ;
For never Saxon foot shall spurn
My form in death, nor laugh in scorn
To think that one in life so proud
In death could find no stately shroud
To hide him from the vengeful hate
Of those fierce foes who thirst for blood,
Whom nothing but my death can sate,
Or stem their fury's baleful flood.
Say, Erna, wilt thou fear to sleep
Within that mountain's cavern deep ?
Strange bridal couch for one so fair,
But nought save peace and rest is there ;
The crash of war, the tempest's breath,
Are silent in the hush of death ;
Say, can thy tender spirit brave
The horrors of an early grave ?
Wilt leave the world's unnumber'd charms
And end thy life within my arms ?"

"With thee, with thee ! oh, canst thou think,"
She cried, forgot all fears and sighs,

" My heart from death with thee would shrink ?

Oh ! not for heaven's smiling eyes
My soul would lose one glance of thine,
Which tells thy heart is ever mine.
Yes, Hugo, yes, I'll share with thee
The calm of death, where e'er it be ;
To me yon cavern's rocky bed

Wears no aspect of gloom or fear,
No throb of pain, no pulse of dread
Can stir my heart when thou art near !"

Gently he kiss'd her spotless brow,
Now redden'd o'er with love's hot glow,
Then round her tall and slender form
He firmly clasp'd one stalwart arm ;
" Now, Erna, nerve thy gentle heart,
Perchance the next unerring dart
May still the life-pulse in my breast,
Or bathe *thy* soul in endless rest."

Upon her brow a holy calm

Shone, and her large and dark blue eye
Held such a look of soothing balm

As made it seem a bliss to die ;
In this dread hour when round her press'd
Horrors 'fore which a sterner breast

Might well have quail'd, her woman's soul
Rose brightly o'er her wild unrest,

And now she look'd with spirit brave
On what she deem'd the happiest goal,
And hail'd the freedom of the grave.

Killeeny gaz'd with wild amaze
Upon his daughter's glowing face ;
How had she come, how scal'd the steep ;
How cross'd the ravine's chasm deep,
How pass'd unharm'd thro' all that strife ;
And should she yet be Hugo's wife ?
This thought awoke his slumb'ring hate,
And seal'd the lovers' hopeless fate.
His wife ! ah, yes, but not till death

Had chill'd their love-dream's sunny breath,
And he would seal their bridal vow
In their young life-blood's crimson flow.
Yes, she may wed the Celtic lord,
But not until her father's sword
Has snapp'd in twain the cords of life—
Then she may smile as Hugo's wife.

But one swift pang, one throb of pain
Convuls'd his heart, swept through his brain—
His only child, his lov'd, his own,
Till now the idol of his life,
Flung back his love and stood alone,
Her arm against him in the strife ;
And he who from his earliest youth
Had steel'd his heart to Love and Truth,
Who laugh'd to scorn sweet Mercy's pray'r,
And made dark Crime his only care,
Now in this hour when death stood near,
And ev'ry heart-throb seem'd his last,
There settl'd on his soul a fear—
The baleful shadow of the past.
Now ev'ry deed of crime and sin
Woke up, with wild revengeful din,
And fill'd his erstwhile iron breast
With wond'ring fear and vague unrest ;—
Now op'd again the book of youth,
Its pages void of light and truth ;
His early manhood stain'd and base,
His footsteps mark'd with murder's trace ;
The victims whom his hand had hurl'd
Uncheck'd and reckless from the world ;
The murder'd chief, the madden'd wife,
The wailing infant's feeble life—
All met him ; now a ghastly band
With bloodstain'd shroud and threat'ning eye ;
The sword hung listless from his hand
But yet he did not fear to die ;—
No, no, within that savage soul
Fear never yet could gain control.

Amid this scene of frenzied slaughter
His heart heard but one cry, "my daughter!"
He saw that daughter's slender form
Clasp'd round by Hugo's stalwart arm,
As tho' she deem'd no breath of harm
Could reach her there; and round her brow
There shone so bright and calm a glow,
Killeeny marvell'd did she deem
Death but a calm and peaceful dream,
Or did their love give strength to brave
With tearless eye an early grave!
Now woke again his slumb'ring ire,
And o'er his darkly-bearded face
There shot a fierce and lurid blaze
Of the old dark revengeful fire,
Which told of passions stern and dire.
Again he stood, unmov'd and cold,
With gleaming eye and forehead bold,
The leader of the Saxon band,
The despot of the ruin'd land;
Again his dark eye coldly smil'd
When turn'd to meet his lovely child;
Dread smile! of black revenge it spoke,
Of burning hate, of proud disdain,
Of nature's tend'rest fetters broke,
Of tramp'd love, of pity slain—
All, all was now forgot save hate—
The stamp that seal'd the lovers' fate.

The desp'rate fight is nearly done,
A few undaunted Celts remain,
The Saxon's banded strength has won—
And Erin still must wear the chain!
Those eagle souls who would not bow
To Britain's lord are tranquil now;
The galling chain no more shall press
Their free-born limbs with rude caress;
No more their eyes shall droop with shame,
When strangers smile at Erin's name;
They fought and fell in honour's fight,

For Truth and Freedom, Home and Right ;
 And better thus, than live to wear
 A shame-flush'd brow, and tamely bear
 The mock'ry of a stranger's sneer,
 Some may condemn, and say their dream
 Was but a wild delusive beam,
 The offspring of a poet's brain,
 A hope which all should know was vain ;
 Their fate was but a rebel's due,
 A warning to their children too ;
 But none dare write above their grave
 That black, ungodly word—a slave.
 Lord Hugo saw, with anguish'd heart,
 His last bright hope of life decay,
 His boyhood's fairy dreams depart,
 His manhood's work, all fade away ;
 What now to him was love or life,
 All, all was stak'd on that wild strife,
 And all was lost—nought now was left
 Save death or exile—and she—and she !—
 Oh, life was not of *all* bereft,
 Erna was his were he but free.
 The thought awoke a wild sweet dream
 Of love, and sent a soft'ning beam
 Across his heart. Can he forget
 His sacred vow, unfinish'd yet ?
 Has Erna's smile the pow'r to make
 His soul forget his comrades fate ?
 Has Erna's love the pow'r to shake
 Long years of hoarded wrath and hate ?—
 And has he too forgot his vow
 To die upon that mountain's brow ?
 Are Erin's wrongs and Erin's shame,
 His murder'd friends, his father's fame,
 Forgot ; and can a soul so brave
 Become for woman's smile a slave ?
 Forbid it, heaven ! that one so bright
 Should blush neath slav'ry's blacken'd stain,
 Oh ! sweeter death's unbroken night,

Than joys which can but end in pain !
 Some thoughts like these struck like a knell
 Upon his heart and broke the spell
 Of Erna's love—oh, what was she
 To one who panted to be free ?
 Could her wild love assuage the thirst
 To break in twain those bonds accurst ?
 Could he forget by Erna's side
 His broken vow and fallen pride ?
 No, Erin, no ; that dream is gone,
 In life and death he's all thine own.
 " Erna, my doom is fix'd," he cried,
 To the pale maiden by his side ;
 " Yon cavern lone must be my bed ;
 But tremble not, thy golden head
 Is safe. I'll bear thee from this sight
 Of blood and strife, and on the height
 Of yon grey hill thou mayest rest,
 And calm the trembling of thy breast.
 I cannot doom a life so bright,
 So beautiful, to share my doom ;
 I cannot see thine eyes blue light
 For ever quench'd in death's cold gloom.
 Nay, tremble not, I'll save thee, sweet,
 Mine eye is keen, my foot is fleet."
 And backward toward the ruin'd shrine
 He press'd his slow and painful path,
 Hemm'd in by swords that fiercely shine
 Thro' Celtic blood with sullen wrath ;
 Staggering with ev'ry step he press'd
 The life-blood ebbing from his breast.
 Killeeny read the chief's intent,
 A deadly smile his brow unbent ;
 " Ah, fools !" he mutter'd, stern and low,]
 " Think ye to 'scape Killeeny's hate,
 I swore to seal your bridal vow,
 And place my signet on your fate."
 He rais'd his skean, and slowly smil'd,
 Then turn'd it towards his pallid child ;

She saw the smile and droop'd her head,
 Then from his bloodstain'd hand it sped ;
 A moment thro' the air it press'd,
 And sank in Erna's quiv'ring breast.

Speechless and palid Hugo stood,
 His frozen heart scarce seem'd to beat,
 He saw his gentle Erna's blood
 Redd'ning the heather at his feet ;
 He saw, but spoke not, till she smil'd,
 And op'd those eyes so dark and mild,
 Those eyes whose ev'ry radiant gleam,
 Whose ev'ry flash of sunny light,
 For him alone had lov'd to beam—
 For him had grown more softly bright—
 Oh ! then his tortur'd soul awoke
 To all its sense of hopeless pain,
 And then he knew from him was broke
 Life's last and brightest fairy chain.
 Her slender hand was raised to chase
 The shadow from his pallid face ;
 " Nay, grieve not, Hugo, all is o'er,
 And soon we'll meet to part no more,
 My longing soul for thee shall wait,
 Dearest, at heaven's golden gate !"
 She clos'd her eyes, and brightly smil'd
 A smile of love's unfading ray,
 Then sweetly as a sleeping child
 Her gentle spirit pass'd away.
 And she was gone ! his lov'd, his own,
 His breath of life, and he was left
 Beside the broken cross alone—
 Of freedom, friends, and love bereft.
 Around him on the bloodstain'd heath
 Lay all his gallant patriot band,
 Right nobly had they kept in death
 Their promise to their native land ;
 A jagged cliff, a narrow ledge
 Alone stood 'tween him and his foes,

He stood upon its bloodstain'd edge
Unshelter'd from their savage blows.
Upon his broken sword he leant,
And watch'd their swift and sure ascent,
Half drooping o'er his weaken'd arm
Hung Erna's cold and lifeless form,
Behind him yawn'd the mountain cave,
One step would make that chasm his grave
He knew, and smil'd with cold disdain
Upon his foes ; he knew how vain
Their hope to catch the chief alive.
Aye, let them up the mountain strive,
Ere they can gain its rugged crest,
His troubl'd heart will be at rest—
Oh ! who dare tell what thoughts were his
Upon that fatal precipice.
Before, behind, on ev'ry side
Stood death with arm extended wide ;
And he had stak'd his dreams of youth,
His manhood's wealth of hero thought,
His heart's best love, his hope and truth
Upon the struggle, pow'r had bought ;
And all were stak'd—and all in vain—
Their desp'rate fight but seem'd to bind
More closely round the galling chain,
As if they meant to fetter now
Not limbs alone but heart and mind,
And bind ev'n free-born Fancy's flow.
" Is all in vain !" the chieftain cried,
" My own lost life, my murder'd bride ?
No, no ; in days to come my name
Shall fill our children's hearts with flame ;
The tale of Hugo's love and death
Shall fan to life Rebellion's breath,
And children yet unborn shall see
What we have struggl'd for in vain—
Their native land unbound and free
From slav'ry's dark, dishonouring stain.
Ha ! here they come—my sun of life

Has set, and night is closing near—
My land! I leave thee still in strife;
Freedom! at least I find thee here!"
One upward glance of conscious pride
To those his gallant soul defied,
Then turning towards the cave
He closely clasp'd his death-cold bride
And lightly sprang to Freedom's grave.

Ah! vain was now Killeeny's boast,
And vain his steel-clad iron host,
The mountain held its own.
Slowly down the ravine's path,
With frowns that told of baulk'd wrath,
They wend their way alone.
Lord Hugo well has kept his vow,
That haughty form is shelter'd now
From Saxon hate and Saxon scorn;
Those limbs in life so brave and free
In death no Saxon foot shall spurn;
In the lone cavern, side by side,
In death he slumbers with his bride;
And never mortal eyes shall see
The hero brave and maiden bright;
Those forms so fair shall never more
Come from the secret cavern's night
Where they sleep by lonely Corrib's shore.

But the peasants say, when the thunders roar,
And the lightnings flash o'er the lake's cold face,
Two forms are seen by the haunted shore,
And the stately mien and fairy grace
Tell that these visions of Corrib's tide
Are Lord Hugo and Erna, his Saxon bride.

THEODORA.

I STOOD last night with yearning heart beside my native
Suir,
The moon's pale smile played o'er it with a radiance calm
and pure;
Never yet, since childhood's morning, when my soul was free
from care,
Had that scene looked half so home-like, half so tranquil,
and so fair.
Proudly rose the haughty mountain, with a bold and fearless
brow,
Daring all the moon's soft beauty to impart one tender glow
To its dark and rugged splendour; and the river flowed
along,
Hastening to the restless ocean with a glad, triumphal song.

All my childhood rushed upon me—all the happy days gone
by—
When I played beside that river with gay brow and laughing
eye;
When my soul was pure and stainless as the flowers by its
side,
And my spirit proud and daring as its own unfettered tide.
My heart with love thrilled softly, and I thought "in the
land
Is there such a fair old city, such a river, bright and grand?
And in all this sunny island are there hearts as fond and pure,
As the southern hearts that beat with love beside the laugh-
ing Suir?"

And then slowly, like a vision, vale and river passed away,
But the mountain still towered upward, in the moonlight,
calm and grey;
The ocean rolled and thundered on the gleaming, yellow
shore,
And the stately head looked down in scorn upon its harm-
less roar.

All was still in earth and heaven ; all the birds were hushed
to rest ;
All was silent, save the throbbing of the restless ocean's
breast ;
'Twas a weird and graceful music, and the stillness was as deep
As if every pulse of Nature lay in calm, unbroken sleep.

Slowly, thro' the mystic silence, came a sound upon the air,
Deep and solemn as the throbbing of a saint's pure heart at
prayer ;
From the convent's stately turrets rang the sweet bell's
silver chime,
And the life-pulse in my bosom beat responsive to its rhyme.
Slowly stealing thro' the valley, softly climbing up the hill,
And the night breeze, thro' the heather, at the witching
sound grew still ;
For a voice was in the stillness, where the sweet bell cleft
the air,
And the word that floated upward, on the wing of night, was
" Prayer."

Then I passed within the cloister, and a vision strange and
bright
Stole upon my trembling spirit in that deep, dead hour of
night ;
Two forms arose before me, and a wondrous light fell down
On one slight and kneeling figure, for whom angels wove a
crown.
Little trace of earthly beauty rested on that tranquil brow,
But a rare and radiant brightness lit it with a holy glow ;
Little light of earthly passion shone within that clear blue
eye,
Formed to smile with joy's soft splendour, or to weep at
sorrow's cry.

Sable robes fell softly 'round her, and her veil with nameless
grace
Hung away in jet-black foldings from her pale and radiant
face ;

Like a silken fringe the lashes hid her mildly drooping eye,
And her bosom faintly trembled with a softly-breathed sigh.
Angel eyes smiled down upon her, angel light stole sweetly
down,
As they wove, with ceaseless labour, gems and flowers in her
crown ;
And I fancied, half in sorrow, that no human heart could beat
'Neath a breast so calm and tranquil, 'neath a face so pure
and sweet.

Then I turned to gaze, in wonder, on a slender, girlish form,
And the pallid face that met me told the spirit's inward-
storm ;
Angels wept with pitying sorrow, and their tears fell softly
down
On that proud young eye and forehead, wrinkled with a
reckless frown.
Wild ambition surged and bounded thro' that hotly swelling
breast,
Dreams of glory, high and daring, to the fervid soul were
pressed ;
All the world should bow before her, laurels bloom beneath
her feet,
Earth yield all its choicest treasures, and her life be gay and
sweet.

Not a vision of the future, no remembrance of the past,
Came to tell this proud young spirit such wild fancies could
not last—
She had risked her girlhood's gladness on a bright delusive
dream,
Now her life shall float for ever on glory's rushing stream.
What awoke the youthful dreamer? 'Twas the clasping of a
hand,
And a smile, like summer sunshine, 'twas so gentle and so
bland ;
All the dreams of earthly splendour, which had bound her
like a spell,
At that woman's gentle bidding in ruins 'round her fell.

Like the shadows on a mirror past memories floated by,
Spectral crowds of airy fancies, hiding many a weary sigh ;
Dark Ambition's gilded offerings ; Triumph's proudly flashing
name ;
Laurels snatched from Victory's fingers ; trophies from the
shrine of Fame ;
Faithful Friendship purely glowing, and Affection fond and
sweet,
All were heaped in rich profusion at the dreamer's reckless
feet ;
But she knew with prophet-clearness that those things must
pass away,
And the fame for which she thirsted must not perish in a
day.

Then she gazed, in silent wonder, on that face so calm and
clear,
And her haughty soul was conquered, while a pure repenting
tear
Chased the mist of earthly passion from her fervid, glowing
heart,
And she sighed not as she counted all earth's fairy dreams
depart.
There was joy in earth and heaven for that gifted, rescued
soul,
By a loving woman's teaching brought to heaven's destined
goal ;
Prayers of angels floated 'round them in a swift unquenching
flame,
Angels blessed, with tearful rapture, Theodora's gentle name.

And the days flew swiftly onward, but their love was still as
bright
As it sparkled in my vision of that far-off summer night ;
Other hearts might change and wander, but a tie as strong as
death
Bound the rescuer and the rescued in the clasp of love and
faith.

And the dreamer's deep devotion, which to earth had once
been given,
By her human angel's guiding was centred now in heaven;
Well she knew the world's false glitter, well she knew its
bitter pain;
Love and Fame spread out before her all their choicest gifts
in vain.

All the love her heart had hidden, deep from every human
eye;
All the faith and strong devotion known to Him who dwells
on high;
All the wondrous dreams of beauty, which her fervid spirit
wove,
All were blended in one priceless, precious gift of untold
love.
For she knew, what I had doubted, that beneath a tranquil
face
Human love, as warm and faithful as her own, could leave
its trace;
And she laid her radiant offering at the feet of her who gave
To her spirit joy and gladness, to ambition's strife a grave.

The vision faded slowly; once again I stood alone
By the Suir's placid waters, where the yellow moonbeams
shone;
And I counted all the beauties, laughing in that mellow ray,
But they now seemed cold and joyless, for my heart was far
away
Where her angel face is shining, where her pure lips move in
prayer,
And the brightness of her presence sanctifies the summer air;
All her faithful, deep affection, with strange gladness to me
came,
Till each ripple on the river whispered Theodora's name.

"ANGELUS DOMINI!"

"ANGELUS Domini!"—solemn and still
A Swept the beautiful chime o'er the heather-
 crowned hill,

Like a whisper from heaven, the bell's silv'ry voice
 Made hearts that were weary exult and rejoice.
 The morning was dawning in crimson and gold,
 And the banner of day in the east was unrolled;
 The face of the heavens was shrouded in blue,
 And the eyes of the angels shone brilliantly through.
 There was sweetness and beauty around and above,
 And hearts flew aloft with their tribute of love;
 The hymn of the bell stopped the ocean's soft play,
 And the swell of the waves bore it farther away.
 Away, and away, and my heart seemed to soar
 With the mystical song, to Eternity's shore;
 Pale, feathery clouds dimm'd the sun's glowing light,
 Like the wings of the cherubim, graceful and white;
 Or like incense-smoke wreathing the throne of the
 Lord,

While myriads of angels knelt round and adored.
 Oh! beautiful anthem of tenderest love!
 Falling down on our hearts like a smile from above,
 Floating on, floating on, thro' the hush of the morn,
 While penitent love in our bosom is born.
 Blest message of joy to the sorrowful soul!
 Looking longingly upward to heaven's bright goal;
 Thou speakest of peace 'mid the world's wild din,
 'Mid the murmers of care, and the clamours of sin;
 Thou speakest anew the glad promise of God
 To those who resignedly bend to the rod.
 Oh, beautiful bell, may thy anthem ne'er cease
 To breathe to our spirits its message of peace,
 Angelus Domini, Angelus Domini, Angelus Domini.

"Angelus Domini!"—faintly and sweet
 Rang the love-breathing words thro' the hot, crowded
 street;

Tenderly chiming, but solemn and slow,
 Soothing hearts burthened with sorrow and woe ;
 Mildly recalling to patience and prayer
 Souls that were tossed on the billows of care ;
 Sweet anthem of clemency ! tender and mild,
 Like a mother's low pray'r o'er a penitent child,
 Thou art heard 'mid the noontide's loud clamour and
 din,

Where Commerce and Wealth hold their revels with Sin.

From the world's fierce bustle and worry and roar
 Thou bearest the soul to the beautiful shore,
 Where the waves of Eternity sweetly efface
 Every stain from the heart in the waters of grace.
 To the mind of the worldling thy exquisite chime
 Brings no thought of the mercy and patience sublime,
 Which evermore dwell with our Father above,
 And fall on our spirits in billows of love.
 There's joy for the mourner, and comfort and rest
 To banish the strife from the turbulent breast ;
 For the guilty there's pardon and promise of peace,
 When the noise and the turmoil of conflict shall cease.
 Bear my soul where the banner of God is unfurled,
 Away, far away, from the woe of the world ;
 From the heat of its noon, from its sorrow and care,
 Let me fly to my Father on pinions of pray'r ;
 From the rush of the tempest, the billows wild play,
 Let me rest my tired heart in His smile's tender ray.
 Oh ! bell of His love, may thy anthem ne'er cease
 To breathe to my spirit its whispers of peace,

Angelus Domini, Angelus Domini, Angelus Domini.

"Angelus Domini !"—message of joy !
 Blotting out from the heart every worldly alloy ;
 In the hush of the evening how tender and sweet
 The angelic music our tired spirits greet ;
 Blest hour of the angels ! bright moments of pray'r !
 When the soul is released from its burden of care.
 I listened one eve to the song of the sea,
 And my heart seemed to share in its wild revelry ;

I gazed where the mountains frowned up to the sky,
And the pride of my bosom swelled darkly and high.
I dreamed o'er the beauty of earth and of wave ;
I thought of the heroes so valiant and brave,
Who slept 'neath the billows or green sunny sod,
But my spirit was blind to the beauty of God ;
I thought o'er their struggles, their glory of fame,
And sighed for the laurels that wreathed their name ;
Ambition was placed on the shrine of my soul,
And fame then appeared the most beautiful goal.
Oh ! the dreams that I wove, and the hopes that I
pressed

With passionate pride to my turbulent breast ;
And I thought not, that eve, that ere morning was red
In the east, these bright dreams should lie faded and dead.

While I mused o'er the future, a sound stirred the air,
Like the tremulous echo that follows the pray'r
Of angels ; it floated across the blue sea,
And my soul swelled with love to the sweet melody ;
And the beautiful Angelus floated along,
And tenderly blent with the billows' wild song.
At the exquisite music, so solemn and clear,
The pride of my spirit was quenched in a tear,
And, redeemed by its sorrow, resigned to the rod,
My soul flew aloft to the home of its God.

Since then I have looked on the hopeless decay
Of the dreams and the fancies I wove on that day,
But the peace that came down with the beautiful chime
Of the Angelus, strengthened thro' sorrow and time ;
The rest and the patience I prayed for are won,
And I cheerfully murmur "Thy will be done."

Oh ! Father of Love ! let my spirit depart
While the chime of the Angelus rings thro' my heart ;
In the hush of the eve, when the song of the birds
Is blent with the spell of those mystical words ;
From the heat and the hurry of noon far away,
By the beautiful shore where the free billows play ;
In the twilight's sweet gloom let me dream on the past—
Not with hot-flushing cheek, and heart beating fast,

As erstwhile I dreamed, when the passionate fire
Of that heart flamed aloft its own funeral pyre.
Never more, never more, shall those visions arise,
Which hid my wild heart from God's love-shining eyes ;
By the voice of the Angelus speaking at even,
My spirit was filled with the beauty of heaven ;
I cheerfully bent o'er the grave of the past,
And joyed that those treasures of earth did not last ;
And the peal of the Angelus floated along,
While the sweet voice of God seem to speak in its song ;
My forehead was touched by a sun-ray from heaven,
And I knew that the sins of my soul were forgiven.
I sorrowed no more for the dreams that were gone—
There were jewels more precious and fair to be won ;
I had sighed for fair laurels and plaudits of fame,
With circlets of glory to brighten my name ;
And other bright dreams I had pressed to my heart,
And tearfully watched their fair colours depart.
But all these wild longings and dreamings are o'er,
The peace of my soul shall be broken no more ;
And I pray but to live where those bells never cease,
To breath their sweet anthems of pardon and peace,
Angelus Domini, Angelus Domini, Angelus Domini.

DEAD IN THE STREET.

DEAD in the street, and the snow falling down,
And the darkness of midnight spread over the town ;
Dead, where the lamps glimmer sickly and white,
Like the eyes of a fiend thro' the blackness of night ;
Pushed from the pavement by hurrying feet—
Dead in the mud of the horrible street !
The treacherous snow-flakes come down in a cloud,
And fold 'round the lost one their pitiless shroud ;

Down on her face and over her hair,
Down on her garments, so scanty and spare ;
Trampled on, hurried from, spurned by feet—
Oh ! the pitiful woe of a death in the street.

Look not so scornfully, now she is dead ;
Tenderly lift up the snow-covered head,
Wring the wet drops from the long-falling hair—
Beautiful tresses, so golden and fair ;
Fold the white lids o'er the blue-gleaming eye,
Silently pleading for mercy on high.
All that was sinful and wicked is past—
The crime-wearied spirit is resting at last ;
Raise not above her your judgment's cold rod—
Mortal, remember, her soul is with God ;
He may be smiling, with clemency sweet,
On the poor sinner who died in the street.

Where did she come from ? had she no friend
One word of advice in her anguish to lend ?
She was so fair ; see that hair falling down,
As bright as the gold-gleaming band of a crown ;
Slenderly fashioned, and dainty and fair,
One to be petted and shielded from care.
Surely some mother's heart loved that fair child,
Some father with pride on his darling had smiled ;
Had she no brother to shield or to save ?
Is there no sister to pray o'er her grave ?
Surely some heart held her precious and sweet—
And yet she lies dead on the stones of the street.

Had she a lover ? oh ! angels above,
Ye may have heard her first whispers of love,
Ye may have smiled on that innocent heart
Lured from your care by black treachery's art,
Ye may have heard the first clamours of sin
Waking her soul with their horrible din,
Ye may have looked down in tearful amaze
On that hour when the blush ceased to redden her face ;

When her soul, in the darkness of passion grown dim,
Recklessly trusted her future to *him*;
Heedlessly rushing, with passion-shod feet,
To that terrible ending, a death in the street.

Ah! she was guilty, but who was to blame?
Infamy's badge has been tacked to *her* name,
Sorrow and scorn, and hunger and woe,
Walk in her footsteps where e'er she may go;
Shunned by the pure, and reviled by the base,
Hiding in torture her shame reddened face;
Dashing back taunts with a blasphemous lip,
Well has she paid for that one fatal slip.
Screened by the merciful, banned by the cold,
Selling her soul and her body for gold;
Spending her days in some squalid retreat,
Prowling by night thro' the gas-lighted street.

Carelessly smiling, unfettered and gay,
Fearlessly meeting the great eye of day,
He can pass onward, unchecked by the crowd,
Wealthy and flattered, unquestioned and proud.
She has been criminal, he has been wild;
Fashion's bright idol, and penury's child;
Those who are pure shrink away from her side,
Yet list to his whispers with gladness and pride;
She has been branded as outcast and base,
The pure and the lovely have smiled in his face;
He has been rescued by tenderness sweet,
She has been sentenced to die in the street.

Pitying God! from your mansion on high
You have beheld that poor wanderer die,
And the eyes that beheld her have looked on the great,
On the feast and the banquet, the ball and the fete.
He in his beauty, she in her woe;
One in the ball-room, one in the snow;
One bending gaily to beauty's bright nod,
One shrinking wildly away from her God;

One seeing nothing but pleasure in life,
One seeking refuge in death from its strife ;
Yet those souls in one hour at Thy footstool shall meet—
The one from the palace, the one from the street.

How wilt Thou judge them, the weak and the strong,
The poor and the wealthy, the wronged and the wrong ?
Wilt Thou say to the lost one, " thy sins are forgiven ;"
Shall *he* be placed first in the mansions of heaven ?
The gay world has sought him and pardoned his sin,
Remorse has been smothered by pleasure's wild din ;
She has been scorned by the saintly and pure,
But Thou art just, and Thy judgment is sure.
Thy blood has been shed for such sinners as she,
For her Thou hast died upon Calvary's tree ;
Oh ! merciful God ! find a place at thy feet
For the outcast who died on the stones of the street.

Oh ! it is pitiful, look at her face,
Once the bright mirror of virtue and grace,
Now it is traversed by furrows of crime,
Sullied and darkened by infamy's slime.
Here in this city towers Pleasure's gay dome,
But in all its wild wilderness she had no home ;
Oh ! for Philanthropy, safe by the fire,
Philosophy screened from the tempest's loud ire,
Humanity, Charity, Brotherly Love—
Well may ye weep, holy angels above,
For man tramples man 'neath his hurrying feet,
And the home and the grave of the poor is the street.

Lift her up lovingly, she is at rest,
Silent and pulseless the passion-tuned breast ;
Perchance in that last hour of madness and guilt
She thought of the Blood which for her had been spilt ;
Perchance she had hoped in His mercy's broad span
For the peace and the pity denied her by man.
Touch her not loathingly, cover her head,
Her sins have passed from her, the outcast is dead.

Pray for her soul with the angels above,
Leave her to Him who is mercy and love;
Decently bear her with reverent feet
To the grave, from the glare and the sin of the street.

MY LOVE MUST BE A SOLDIER.

MY love must be a soldier,
A dashing, tramping soldier,
A gallant, fearless soldier
Alone can win my heart.
A soul of reckless daring,
A spirit proud, unfearing,
A heart for woe uncaring,
From him I'd never part.

The poet's song may thrill me,
The scholar's frown may chill me,
But nought can ever fill me
With rapture near divine
Save the eye so brightly beaming,
Neath the plumed helmet gleaming,
Oh! my heart is ever dreaming
Shall that happiness be mine.

The minstrel's song entrancing,
Across my spirit glancing
Like sunlight softly dancing
Athwart the cold blue sea.
No conquest e'er achieving
Can wake no tender grieving,
But onward flutter, leaving
My bosom calm and free.

Not all the fire of passion,
Not all the art of fashion,
Not e'en my heart's compassion
 Could ever make me wed
The grave-eyed student, bending
From morn till night unending,
Life's joyous moments spending
 With men and tongues long dead.

The miser's gleaming treasure
May chink its tuneful measure ;
It can wake no throb of pleasure
 Within my listless breast.
What 'vails the red gold gleaming,
Or jewels brightly beaming ;
All the glitter is but seeming,
 And a life they never blest.

If a trouble came to grieve me,
If a friend sought to deceive me,
If a flow'r bloomed but to leave me,
 Could I trust a poet's love ?
He would gaze with rapt eyes dreaming
On the golden sunset's gleaming,
But forget me in its beaming,
 And write odes to peace above.

And the student gravely weeding
Gems of thought from ancient reading—
Could *he* grant my eager pleading
 For a life as sweet as gay ?
He would speak of love Platonic
With a look and tone laconic,
For my longing heart a tonic,
 And calmly turn away.

Could the rich man's cold smile lighten,
Or his flashing jewels brighten,

Or his stately passion frighten
From my heart its weary pain?
Could he soothe my lonely weeping,
Or stay sorrow's stealthy creeping?
Oh! my spirit in his keeping
Never peace should know again.

Nor wealth, nor song, nor knowledge
Won in some stately college,
Whose fame shall last for all age,
Can win this heart of mine.
One with golden chains would seize me,
One with endless rhymes would tease me,
One with learned looks would freeze me;
None shall rule my heart's gay shrine.

But a soldier's brave and careless,
Pure of soul, with spirit fearless,
Never grave, or grim, or cheerless,
He my wilful heart can tame;
He may claim the royal treasure
Of a love that knows no measure,
Blooming only for his pleasure;
Twining beauty round his name.

A smile of love-light tender,
An eye of witching splendour,
Making my proud heart surrender
To its spell-bright azure beam.
A pure unsullied spirit,
Which may Eden's flow'rs inherit;
Such a soul will richly merit
My young heart's warmest dream.

And for ever, and for ever,
Till life's golden cords shall sever
From earth's ties, that love shall never
Fade in gladness or in strife.

Oh ! then, heaven send some soldier,
Some gallant, pure-soul'd soldier,
Some noble, fearless soldier
To brighten my young life.

THE BELLE OF THE BALL.

SHE swept through the dance, and they marvelled to
see
The light of her beautiful eyes,
Like the gleam of the night-star, flashing and free,
As her long lashes fall and rise.
Her robe of rich satin swelled over a breast
Which rose with a steady beat ;
And the small white hand on his shoulder pressed,
Kept time with her dancing feet.

She heard bold words said with a tranquil air,
And smiled in the flatterer's face ;
She royally moved thro' the ballroom's glare
With a gently, stately grace ;
Shielded her face with her perfumed fan,
And laughed in its feath'ry fold,
Her voice over low rippling whispers ran,
While her heart was sad and cold.

For one and for all was the same sweet word,
The smile, the bow, and the jest ;
But never a pulse in her bosom stirred
With a tender, sweet unrest.
She bowed, and declined, with gentle grace
The coronet laid at her feet ;
But never a blush fluttered o'er her face,
And her smile was coldly sweet.

She listened with gravely bending brow
To the statesman's courtly suit ;
But her cheek did not flush with a softer glow,
And her voice was clear as a lute.
The sailor wooed with a glittering tale
Of life on the dark blue sea,
But she screened herself with a laughing veil,
And said she would fain be free.

The poet strove with his love-kissed lyre
To waken her sleeping heart ;
She smiled, and told him of ice and fire,
And said they must surely part.
The soldier wooed with his daring pride,
And his passion's burning glow ;
She paled and shuddered away from his side,
And tremblingly bade him go.

He called her a stone in his angry haste,
From whom love and light had fled,
With her fan gay circles she smiling traced,
And answered her heart was dead.
Then she raised to his face her beautiful eyes,
And he read in their starry light
A page of those wild heart mysteries
Which cloud young lives in night.

There was music around them, and dancing feet,
Gay voices were sounding near ;
For one and for all her smile was sweet,
And her laugh as a bell was clear.
She gracefully toyed with her satin dress,
And drew from one shining fold
A broken ring and a raven tress,
Thro' the golden circlet rolled.

She fluttered her fan, and its fragrant breath
Played over his pallid face ;
And down on his heart fell a chill like death,
But she laughed thro' the foamy lace.

She twisted the hair o'er her slender hand,
And smoothed its silken sheen,
While her eye was as clear and her smile as bland
As tho' sorrow ne'er had been.

And the stately man in the royal pride
Of his beauty, wealth, and youth,
Stood gazing in silent grief at her side,
On the pledge of his broken truth.
She looked in his face with her cloudless smile,
So heartless, and yet so sweet,
Like the cold bright sun of a northern isle,
And pattered her tiny feet.

"You remember your wooing long ago,
When my life was young and gay,
When my heart was as pure as the mountain snow,
And my dreams as bright as the day ;
They said in those days so long gone by,
That none ever would call me fair,
I was tiny and small, with a soft blue eye,
And tresses of red-brown hair.

"You told me of love, where the blue waves meet
On the gleaming, shell-paved shore ;
The words on my heart fell tender and sweet,
And my dreamless life was o'er.
You were stately and tall, with your great black eyes,
And hair like the raven's plume ;
And I eagerly trusted the beautiful lies
That were forging my dreary doom.

"I laid my wild heart, with its voiceless love,
In the dust 'neath your reckless feet,
And you swore by the calm-eyed stars above
That my life should be bright and sweet.
It was only a fleeting dream, you know,
You tired of the village maid,
And you hastened back to the city's show,
Where pleasure and sin parade.

"It is many a weary year since then,
There is rich, deep gold in my hair ;
I am courted and flattered by stately men,
And they tell me my face is fair ;
And fortune has flung me a glittering store,
You bowed to my beauty's glow,
Nor dreamed that the belle whom you now adore
Was the maiden of long ago.

"You gave me this ring, when my foolish heart
Believed in human truth ;
When you wove the spell of your pitiless art
O'er the peace of my trusting youth ;
And this raven curl, which your false lips pressed
One eve in the far-off past,
Has lain long years on my aching breast,
And will slumber there to the last.

"You ask me for love, and the words you speak
Are the words of long ago ;
But see, they can bring no blush to my cheek—
My heart feels no tender glow.
Nay, call me not faithless, my heart is true,
You are shrined in its inmost core ;
My love and my pity are given to you,
But I never can *trust* you more.

"You have changed, you say, and your boyish pride
Has yielded to manhood's glow ;
I have sailed alone o'er life's stormy tide—
The waters are tranquil now.
When I needed a friend in my joyless youth
You were false to your plighted faith ;
And since then I have looked on man's boasted truth
As an empty, vaunting breath.

"Trust you !—oh ! never ; nay, ask me no more ;
I told you my heart is dead ;
It is buried away by the shell-paved shore,
Where your treacherous vows were said.

I am beautiful now, and my life is free ;
I never shall trust again ;
I can laugh and dance with a seeming glee,
And scorn love's idle chain.

"We are parted now, yet I call you friend,
For the sake of the dreamy past,
But never again shall my spirit bend—
That dream was my very last.
How richly the music swells to-night ;
Oh ! never was ball so gay ;
Shall we join this waltz?—'tis so sweetly bright ;"
And she laughingly moved away.

He watched her, with slowly throbbing heart,
As she moved thro' the giddy maze ;
He could not deem they were doomed to part,
As he looked in her laughing face.
Her hand on his shoulder lightly pressed,
Her hair swept across his brow ;
But he knew in that proudly swelling breast
No love-pulse beat for him now.

Oh ! never like this in the summer of old
Had his heart so wildly burned ;
And her smile was mockingly, chillingly cold,
While her lips his love-suit spurned.
Oh ! woe for the days so long gone by,
For his faithless, broken vow,
He turned from her side with a hopeless sigh,
They were parted for ever now.

Strange was the fate of this severed pair,
Who were parted by pride's cold breath.
Soon he wedded a maiden pure and fair,
Who loved him with tender faith.
His friends revered him, his children were fair,
Fortune gave him her golden store,
But he sullenly shrank from pleasure's glare,
And his proud eyes smiled no more.

And she royally reigned as fashion's queen,
And walked on hearts as of yore,
But never a blush on her cheek was seen,
Or a love-smile stealing o'er ;
Heartless and cold thro' the throng she moved,
But so smiling, so fair, and sweet,
Men hated, and cursed, and sighed, and loved,
And bent again at her feet.

They knew not his heart-pulse would never beat
With love for his beautiful bride ;
They read not that story of calm deceit,
Of man's falsehood and woman's pride.
They moved thro' the world with smiling eyes ;
Friends flattered, and loved, and blessed,
Nor dreamed that such dreary mysteries
Lay hid in each silent breast.

THE OUTLAW'S BRIDE.

THE sunbeams play'd on her brow of snow,
And gleam'd 'mid her gold curls' waving flow,
They danc'd in the light of her azure eye,
And brighten'd her pure lips' rosy dye ;
But the stainless snow on the mountain peak
Was scarce more white than her pallid cheek ;
The icy sun of a northern isle
Rose warmer far than her sad, cold smile,
And her step was no longer light and free,
As the bright-wing'd gull o'er the dancing sea.

But why has her smile grown cold and chill ?
Once it flashed like the sun on the mountain rill ;
And why has her merry laugh grown mute ?
Once it thrilled the soul like a wind-struck lute ;
And the roses no longer kiss her cheeks,
Till a blush like their own red petals breaks

O'er the stainless snow of her beaming face,
Where the Godhead's hand left its brightest trace,
And the gentle beam of her starry eye
Has pal'd and dimm'd like a tear-veil'd sky.

Ah, why ! for the heart in her breast was chill'd,
The gushing song of its love was still'd,
And cold, rude hands crushed the budding flow'r
Which bloom'd in the depths of its sunny bow'r ;
And sordid minds spoke the cruel word
To her heart more bitter than death's dark sword.
She pin'd alone since that fatal day,
Like a stricken flow'r in the bright sun's ray ;
The sun's warm beams may glow in vain,
The flow'r *cannot* lift its head again.

She lov'd ; and the light of that fairy dream
Shed o'er her spirit its heavenly beam ;
She was lov'd, and dreamt not of care or woe,
For her heart was pure as the stainless snow
That lives on the breast of its native wave,
And in its blue depths finds a welcome grave.
Nor a nobler heart, nor a braver hand
Than young Conel *Oge's* grac'd our sunny land,
Nor a lighter foot ever crush'd the dew
On the Comragh's summit of crested blue.

'Neath his raven hair gleam'd his forehead proud,
Like a white moon fring'd with an ebon cloud,
Flash'd the hero's soul from his clear, dark eye,
Like the eagle's bold in his eyrie high ;
In the giddy dance, whose foot more fleet ?
In the soft love tale, whose voice more sweet ?
The pride of an old and noble race
In his look and tone left its haughty trace ;
Tho' his once broad lands felt a stranger's thrall,
And a Saxon dwelt in O'Brien's hall.

At the May-day dance on the village green
He met young Ellen, the festive queen.
A soft light brighten'd her mild blue eye,
And warm'd the tint of her fair cheeks' dye,
When he led her forth in the merry dance,
And pierc'd her soul with his love-lit glance,
He knew not then that the maiden fair
Was the child of the Lord of proud Glenare,
And her haughty father had pledg'd her hand
To the Saxon noble who rul'd *his* land.

But he knew it soon, and the fiery tide
Of the Outlaw's heart swell'd with love and pride;
He had whisper'd his love in her drooping ear,
Her pale cheek flushing with hope and fear.
Then she spoke of her father's haughty pride,
And how she was pledg'd as the Saxon's bride,
But the waving blush on her smiling cheek
Told more than her quiv'ring lips could speak;
Her trembling fingers his hand caress'd,
And her golden head sought his swelling breast.

The red blood crimson'd the Outlaw's cheek,
And dark clouds over his forehead break;
Then he gaz'd on the maiden's slender form,
And he gaz'd on the strength of his stalwart arm;
He whisper'd some words in her list'ning ear,
Her pale cheek flush'd, and her eye grew clear.
One moment knelt she—an earnest pray'r
From her red lips swept on the ev'ning air,
One glistening tear, half joy, half grief,
And she's over the hills with the Outlaw Chief.

The red sun kisses the purple hill,
And his gold spears gleam in the silver rill,
There's wailing and woe in yon castle fair,
They weep young Ellen of proud Glenare.
There's clashing of steel and mounting of men,
And they headlong ride over hill and fen;

There's an angry gleam in each Saxon's eye,
They swear to bring back the maid or die ;
Glenare's fierce soul is black with gloom,
And his dark words seal O'Brien's doom.

In his lonely tow'r on the mountain side
Sits the Outlaw Chief with his gentle bride ;
Their words are low, and a happy light
Like sunshine plays o'er her features bright—
When, hark ! what sound breaks along the glen—
List, list ; 'tis the tramping of armed men ;
Not a cloud of fear, not a shade of grief,
Sweeps the haughty brow of the Rebel Chief ;
“ Lady, thou'rt safe ; there's no cause for fear,
Thro' my blood he'll wade who shall reach thee here.”

Bright flash'd the sword of the Rebel Knight,
As he stood on the turret's dizzy height,
At the lattice high stood the Lady true,
Round their chieftain's side clung his clansmen few.
Well they fought, but, alas ! in vain—the hall
Is pil'd with the men that round him fall,
The gates are forced, and an armed power
Have won their way to the mountain tower ;
A light foot sounds by O'Brien's side,
And he clasps to his bosom his blue-eyed bride.

He pray'd her retire, but her heart is true—
“ If my lord must die, I will perish too.”
A fierce laugh broke on the stilly air,
Her white cheek flushed—'twas her sire, Glenare—
“ Here, soldiers, the trait'rous rebels stand !”
Round the Outlaw Chief throng an arm'd band,
Vain his gallant fight, vain her anguish'd pray'r,
His red blood sprinkles her golden hair ;
One moment more, and her arms enfold
The lifeless form of her Outlaw bold.

They brought her away, and time passed on,
She grew gentle and calm, but her *mind* was gone.
No more shall her merry laughter ring
Thro' Glenare's green woods, where the wild birds sing;
No more shall her light foot brush the dew
From the waving grass or the heather blue;
For her broken heart there is no relief;
She smiles not in joy, she weeps not in grief,
But sits alone in the evening gloom,
And wild flowers twine for O'Brien's tomb.

TO MY SISTER.

SOFT and noiseless Spring's light footsteps steal across
the dewy earth,
And her smiles of sunny brightness glad the timid flow'rets
birth;
Mild and low her silv'ry laughter ripples thro' the waving
grass,
Like the sounds which angels' whispers leave behind them
as they pass.
Oh! how often, darling sister, in the Springs not long gone
by,
We us'd wander gay and careless, free from care's corroding
sigh,
Thro' the green and sun-gilt meadow, up the heather-crested
hill,
Or, with peals of merry laughter, dance across the sparkling
rill.

I can see thee, darling Nannie, with that bright and buoyant
grace,
Bounding o'er the prickly heather, always sure to win the
race,

Claiming, with a winsome gladness, for thy prize, the pale
primrose,
Or the dewy wreath of violets, or the daisy's chaster snows.
I can see thee, gentle sister, with the rose-flush on thy face,
Tho' the lily's milder radiance loved that angel brow to
grace ;
I can see the wand'ring sunbeams lighting up thy chestnut
hair,
Lending to thine eyes' pure azure, heav'n-lit tints more soft
and rare.

Happy, happy days of childhood ! soon, too soon they fled
away,
But they left a joy behind them shrin'd in mem'ry's deathless
day ;
Soon, too soon, health's rosy emblem faded from thy tranquil
brow,
And the angels' gleaming signet seal'd it with a holy glow ;
Soon the buoyant step grew languid, and the merry laugh was
still,
But the beaming smile still linger'd sweet as moonlight o'er
a rill
Where a thousand merry ripples mingle with that radiance
bright,
So thy joyous spirit blended with the calm of heaven's light.

Bright-browed sister, thou hast left us, all that wealth of
beauty bright
God had destin'd should be bathed in the glow of heaven's
light ;
Never more thy smile of gladness 'round our hearts shall
wreath its spell ;
Never more thy lips shall murmur parting life's last sad
farewell.
In thy Spring-time's dewy freshness, ere the Summer's warmer
breath
Dimm'd one lily's snowy petal in thy girlhood's spotless
wreath ;

Ere an earthly joy had bound thee, ere an earthly love
caressed,
God stretch'd forth his arms and took thee to thy home
amongst the blest.

How I miss thy gentle presence, and thy calm, rebuking smile,
Half in love and half in sorrow o'er my spirit's earthly guile,
Still the stubborn passions swelling in my proud, half-weary
breast

Need thy gentle voice to soothe them to a calm and tranquil
rest.

Thou art gone ! but still thy mem'ry glimmers like a holy
star

Thro' the darkness of earth's passions, thro' my heart's re-
bellious war,

Telling of the brighter glory which our souls may safely
claim,

If we tread the path you followed, thro' the same undying
flame.

Fare-thee-well, beloved Nannie ! brightest of the angel
throng,

If thy spirit-eyes can wander o'er this simple wreath of song,
Thou shalt know how well we loved thee, thou shalt know
how we regret,

With a love whose faintest life-pulse ceases ere our hearts
forget.

Fare-thee-well, sweet spirit-sister ! in thy far off angel home,
Mid th' enfranchis'd souls that wander thro' the heaven's
starry dome,

Pray for one whose heart is beating life's unceasing weary
knell—

One who longs to slumber with thee ; angel Nannie, fare-thee-
well !

FAREWELL! 'TIS GLORY BIDS YOU GO.

FAREWELL! 'tis glory bids you go ;
In vain my hand would sever
The links you forg'd in honour's glow,
We part, perchance for ever.
But when in other lands you rove,
When other hearts will bind you,
Oh ! breathe one tender sigh of love
For her you've left behind you.

When beauty lifts her smiling eyes,
And love-beams flash around you ;
When pleasure's sparkling witcheries
In dazzling waves surround you,
Let mem'ry bring another face
Of by-gone days to mind you ;
And think within that glowing place
Of her you've left behind you.

When in a foreign land you roam,
'Neath skies of tropic splendour,
More brilliant than your native home,
But, oh ! less sweetly tender,
Then turn your thoughts to one lone isle
Where fate had once consign'd you,
And send across the waves a smile
To her you've left behind you.

When round the board the ruby cup
In waves of light is flowing ;
When sparks of wit are bubbling up,
Like gems in sunshine glowing,
Let thoughts of other days arise,
And wreaths of beauty bind you,
Then raise the cup, and pledge the eyes
Of her you've left behind you.

When in the ranks of fame you toil
To win the wreath of glory,
Upon the Ganges' burning soil,
Or by St. Lawrence hoary,
Remember that where e'er you rove
One faithful heart will find you ;
Then let one life-pulse beat with love
For her you've left behind you.

And when around your youthful brow
The hard-won crown is twining,
And when with triumph's sparkling glow
Your proud dark eyes are shining,
Forget not that one heart with woe
To glory's arms resign'd you ;
Turn from the world's unfeeling show
To her you've left behind you.

When friends are false, and love flies fast,
When beauty's smiles deceive you,
Look back upon the sunny past,
No thoughts are there to grieve you ;
When pleasure's flow'rs have lost their bloom,
When falsehood's arrows find you,
Oh ! leave the treach'rous haunts and come
To her you've left behind you.

When youth has lost its rosy light,
And age with icy finger
Shall dim the eye so darkly bright,
And round your forehead linger ;
When faintly droops life's feeble flame,
When death's cold clasp shall bind you,
Oh ! let your last breath be the name
Of her you've left behind you.

And when your chainless spirit dwells
In heaven's bow'rs of gladness,
Forget not 'mid its holy spells
My spirits earthly sadness ;

In mem'ry of the dreams I wove,
The wreaths of light I twin'd you,
Ask heav'n to cast one smile of love
On her you've left behind you.

And when beside my lonely bed,
Death's white-robed angel lingers ;
And when my burning heart and head,
Grow cool beneath his fingers ;
Oh ! be you near to calm the soul
Whose chords sweet love-notes twin'd you,
And bear it to the distant goal
No more to live behind you.

INTACTA'S CHOICE.

WHERE the white-plumed waves of the blue Suir
glide,
With the gentle grace of a mild-browed bride,
In days gone by lived a lady bright,
Who was wooed by many a stately knight ;
But the maiden had vowed that her lord should be
A man with a soul and spirit free ;
And of all the suitors who sought her hand,
Not one could clasp it in love's sweet band.

The fame of that lady spread far and wide,
And the tale of her beauty, grace, and pride,
Was spoken in lands beyond the sea,
And her lovers redoubled their witchery.
But all their homage and gifts were vain—
The lady looked on with calm disdain ;
And they called her Intacta, because her heart
Had never been touched by love's subtle dart.

But at length came a day when the lady proud
Must choose a mate from the eager crowd.

She bade them come who would woo and win,
And two gallant knights rode bravely in—
One bore on his brow the Saxon pride,
And his hand to a deep red hue was dyed ;
And one was a Celt with a pure, bright eye,
And a soul unfettered, unstained, and high.

Intacta bowed, with a courtly grace,
A welcoming smile on her pure, fair face ;
She asked them in accents soft and sweet—
“ What gifts have you brought to lay at my feet.”
Then the Saxon offered his lordly name,
And the Celt his pure, unsullied fame ;
One laid at her feet bright chains of gold ;
One offered a heart unstained and bold.

“ Saxon, in years gone by,” she said,
“ Your sires cold chains on my kinsmen laid ;
They robbed us of houses, of lands, and fame,
And their slanders darkened our ancient name ;
They came up our river, in pomp and pride,
We opened our castle gates free and wide,
In friendship's name we gave them our hand,
And they hung around it a servile band.”

Then she turned with a smile to the spot where knelt
With kindling cheek the fire-eyed Celt—
“ Thro' years of shadow, distrust, and shame,
Thou hast borne a fair unsullied name ;
Thou hast come thro' the darkness unstained and bright,
And proved thee a gallant and worthy knight ;
Thou hast languished in exile beyond the sea,
In the cause of thy fatherland and me.”

Again she turned to the Saxon knight,
Her blue eyes full of a glowing light—
“ If I wed thee, O chief ! what treasures canst thou
Bring forth to hang on my bridal brow ?

Those gems, could I wear them, their blood-red fire
Would speak too plain of my murdered sire ;
That diamond chain would my forehead fret—
The drops seem to me like a peasant's sweat.

What hast *thou* ?" and she bent her eyes' blue light
With a sunny smile on the Celtic knight.
"I have nothing to give thee, O lady fair,
Save a hand in thy cause to do and dare ;
A heart that has ever been staunch and true,
That has never swerved from your cause and you ;
A soul that can danger and trouble brave,
And a spirit too proud to be called a slave !"

Intacta then summoned her clansmen true,
And bade them choose between the two ;
Oh ! never 'round lady fair I ween
A nobler circle of men was seen ;
The fire-bright eye, and the dauntless hand,
The spotless soul, and the spirit grand ;
And they shouted in accents of proud delight
"We shall have no lord but an Irish knight !"

But the Saxon swore, with a haughty pride,
That the fair Intacta should be his bride ;
Then the pride of her old and kingly race
Flashed from her eyes and lit up her face,
And the fiery hearts of her clansmen beat
To hurl the arrogant lord to her feet ;
But Intacta demanded that both be sent
To decide their claim in a tournament.

The rivals met with a deadly shock,
Like a thunder boom thro' the granite rock ;
Their falchions flashed with a sullen glare,
And their war-cries pealed thro' the stilly air.
Right bravely the Saxon chieftain fought
For the love that could never be forced or bought,

But the eager love in the Celt's warm heart
Lit the path for his sabre's deadly dart.

The combat is o'er, and the Celt has won,
His dark eyes flash like the noontide sun—
She is won, that vision of love and pride,
The haughty Intacta shall be his bride.
No Saxon shall rule in her stately hall,
Or fetter her friends with his felon thrall;
No peasant's curse shall ascend to God—
They have broken for ever the tyrant's rod.

The joy-bells peal o'er the Suir's blue tide,
And bonfires sparkle along its side;
Intacta smiles with a gladsome mien,
And her only gem is an emerald green—
An emblem of hope—her brow is bright,
As she lists to the words of her own true knight.
The baffled Saxon has ridden away,
And honour and truth hold the field to-day.

WILLIE BHAN A STOIR.

THE summer sun was shining
In the glowing crimson west,
Long chains of gold were twining
O'er the ocean's swelling breast;
The waves in fairy dances
Rippled on the sun-gilt shore,
When I met the first sweet glances
Of my Willie *bhan a stoir*.

Free from sorrow was my bosom,
Never dreamt my heart of love,
Icy as the white May blossom,
Where no genial sunbeams rove,

Was my spirit till that even ;
Then its pulseless life was o'er,
And my heart was wholly given
To young Willie *bhan a stoir*.

In the song his voice was sweeter
Than the murmur of the rill ;
In the dance his foot was fleeter
Than the red deer on the hill.
His eyes held cloudless splendour,
Clustering curls his brow waved o'er,
His smile was sweetly tender,
My Willie *bhan a stoir* !

My Willie was a soldier,
And a dauntless heart had he—
Never lived a spirit bolder,
And his soul was pure and free.
'Mid the bullets' leaden rattle,
And the cannons' deaf'ning roar,
Like the spirit of the battle,
Stood my Willie *bhan a stoir*.

From a foreign land returning
Came my Willie o'er the sea,
In his bosom brightly burning
Hope, ambition, brave and free.
Bright his scarlet trappings glistened,
As he spoke of triumphs o'er—
How my wondering spirit listened
To young Willie *bhan a stoir*.

Ah ! too soon love's sweet emotion
To my tranquil bosom came,
And my heart-chords' wild devotion
Twined around my hero's name.

Brave and beautiful, I shrined him
In my spirit's inmost core,
And my love sweet fancies twined him,
My Willie bhan a stoir !

But my Willie was a soldier,
And a wandering heart had he;
Daily grew his glances colder,
And his smile less warm and free.
Ere the spring flow'rs crept around us,
Life's entrancing dream was o'er,
And he broke the links that bound us—
Faithless Willie bhan a stoir !

Then the friends who loved me wondered
Why my cheek was not more pale—
Why I never sighed or pondered
O'er my life's embittered tale.
Still in Pleasure's train they found me,
Tho' my heart was worn and sore,
For its every string had bound thee,
My Willie bhan a stoir !

But within my silent bosom
Lived a strong, unyielding pride,
And love's crushed and drooping blossom
In its iron grasp near died.
Still, the tiny flower you cherished
With the sweet, sweet smile of yore,
Never wholly drooped or perished,
My Willie bhan a stoir.

Coldly, silently we parted,
And I smiled to see him go ;
Tho' stunned and broken-hearted,
I laughed upon the woe.
He was gone—a flush of madness
My forehead circled o'er,
Then my heart grew hard with sadness,
Oh, my Willie bhan a stoir !

But the witching dream is over ;
 Never more my heart shall swell
 To the whisper of a lover—
 I have broke the fairy spell.
 Yet, no earthly power can sever
 From my heart the love of yore ;
 It will blossom there for ever,
 My Willie *bhan a stoir* !

M E M O R I E S .

TOLLING, tolling, tolling,
 Mournfully and slow,
 Hear the solemn death-bell rolling
 On our hearts an iron blow.
 Thro' the silent hush of even,
 Thro' the twilight's misty gloom,
 From the outspread throat of heaven
 Fell the sudden words of doom ;
 And the bell swung in the steeple,
 Bellowed forth with heavy groan,
Miserere Domine,
 Calling on the awe-struck people
 To repeat with fervid tone,
Miserere Domine.
 And the bell and people mutter,
 In a solemn, prayerful tone,
 Framed by fearful hearts alone,
 Miserere Domine, Miserere Domine, Miserere Domine.

Moaning, moaning, moaning,
 For the slowly dying year,
 With a hushed and husky groaning,
 Full of bitterness and fear ;
 From its iron tongue down droppeth
 On each heart a sullen clang,
 And the trembling spirit hopeth,
 While the ponderous death-note rang,

Thro' the fearful desolation
 Peals the death-bell's solemn chime,
 Miserere Domine,
 And the ghoulish king makes oblation,
 Crying to the Lord of time,
 Miserere Domine.
 For he knows God's wrath has fallen
 On a nation's sin and crime,
 And he screams with faith sublime,
 Miserere Domine, Miserere Domine, Miserere Domine.

Wailing, wailing, wailing, wailing,
 Oh ! the clamour of that bell ;
 Never ending, never failing,
 Pealing forth its solemn knell ;
 Dreary thoughts are crowding slowly
 Thro' the chambers of my brain,
 While I kneel in anguish lowly,
 Brooding o'er my buried pain ;
 Spectral visions throng around me,
 And they breathe with hollow tone,
Miserere Domine,
 Fearful shapes of air surround me,
 And they mutter and they moan,
Miserere Domine.
 And each word of terror falleth
 On my spirit like a stone ;
 I can only shriek and groan,
 Miserere Domine, Miserere Domine, Miserere Domine.

Thinking, thinking, thinking,
O'er the dead and vanished past ;
Fancy unto fancy linking,
Of the dream that did not last.
Dark and cheerless gathers o'er me
The dim midnight's murky gloom ;
But the life path spread before me,
Wears a darker, deadlier doom,

Drowns my cry of human weakness,
Pealing in my shrinking ear,
Miserere Domine,
And I struggle through the bleakness
And I wail "Oh! Father hear,"
Miserere Domine.
Yielding up with meek despairing
All my heart held close and dear,
And I moan in bitter fear,
Miserere Domine, Miserere Domine, Miserere Domine.

Praying, praying, praying,
In the midnight and the gloom ;
Wildly, turbulently paying
Off my heavy coils of doom ;
Crouching where the shadows linger,
Weaving ghosts along the floor,
Tracing with a trembling finger,
Names I may not whisper more ;
And I moan and mutter slowly
As I ponder here alone,
Miserere Domine,
Bending o'er the embers lowly,
I can only sob and groan,
Miserere Domine.
Never more shall be uplifted
From my heart the funeral stone ;
And I faintly humbly moan,
Miserere Domine, Miserere Domine, Miserere Domine.

Dying, dying, dying ;
 Bell, peal forth thy solemn tone!
 None are near to bless with sighing,
 Slowly dying and alone.
 Mystic shadows creep and gather
 Thro' the cold and cheerless room ;
 Bear me to the tender Father
 Who has chastened all my gloom.

Shall I meet *her* yet in heaven?
Shall we pray before God's throne,
Miserere Domine?

Oh ! my heart is wrung and riven !
" Mercy, Lord ;" I weep and moan,
Miserere Domine.

" I have bent in silent anguish,
I have walked thro' life alone ;
Hear, oh ! hear my frantic groan,"
Miserere Domine, Miserere Domine, Miserere Domine.

Tolling, tolling, tolling ;
Soon the bell shall cease for me,
From its clanging and its rolling
Soon my spirit shall be free.
All the darkness has departed ;
I can look beyond the crowd,
Eager-eyed and steady-hearted,
In submission meekly bowed,
Where the incense wreaths are curling,
Where the angels sing and pray,
Laudate Domine,
I shall meet my earthly darling,
And shall hear her softly say,
Laudate Domine.

All my waiting was not useless,
In God's mercy's golden ray,
We shall sing some future day,
Laudate Domine, Laudate Domine, Laudate Domine.

THE SOLDIER'S DEATH.

THE battle was o'er, and the bivouac fire
Shone thro' the gloom of night,
But the tale of the morn's deadly ire
Gleam'd from helm and sabre bright ;
And seen thro' the thickly curling smoke
Lay a youth on the damp cold ground,
And men in shrouding plume and cloak
Silent and stern stood round.

The damp of death was upon his brow,
His eye was dull with care,
And the red life-tide, with a ruddy glow,
Darken'd his golden hair ;
His broken sword on the damp grass lay,
His plumed helm beside,
But his sad dark eyes were turned away
From those emblems of pomp and pride.

Only this morn his strong young hand
Circl'd the willing blade,
Only this morn his loud command
Proud men in ranks arrayed ;
Onward he rushed, with youth's hot haste,
Eager for Fame's proud breath,
The cup was raised, and he bent to taste,
When his lips were stay'd by death.

They bore him away from the field of strife,
But felt no heavy gloom,
"For the boy," they said, "hath no child or wife
To mourn his early doom."
Ah! thoughtless men, there was one more near
Than ever a wife could be—
One who had waited in hope and fear
His infant face to see.

He had a mother, who wept and prayed
For her proud, unfearing boy ;
Who saw him in battle's pomp array'd
With mingled pain and joy ;
Who spoke with pride of her soldier child,
When others were by to hear,
Who, woman-like, smother'd her grief and smiled
When her heart was wrung with fear.

Was there no other to drop a tear
On the soldier's early grave ?
No other to sigh o'er the timeless bier
For the spirit so bright and brave ?
Was there no maiden's hand to twine
A rose 'mid the laurel wreath ?
Was there no maiden's heart to pine
For the hero who bow'd to death ?

What doth he think of lying there,
With the hand of death o'er his heart ?
Doth a woman's face with fair bright hair
Rise to sweeten the ice-cold dart ?
Doth the sunny gleam of a soft blue eye
Come to gladden his spirit now ?—
But what means the pain in that heavy sigh,
The cloud on the pallid brow ?

Ah ! mem'ry with iron hand draws back
The veil of the misty past,
And over its dark and sadden'd track
His unchain'd thoughts fly fast.
Again he whispers his witching tale
In a maiden's willing ear,
Ah ! what wonder his cheek with pain is pale,
His heart is cold with fear.

"Only a woman's heart," he had said
To his comrades, light and gay,
"The love I have kindled will soon be dead—
Ambition forbids me stay." .

No other thought for the sweet young life
Whose fresh pure faith was crushed—
For the young heart toss'd on the waves of strife,
Its song of gladness hushed.

And now he is dying, no smile of love
To gladden his lonely bier ;
No soft voice speaking of peace above
When the spirit has passed from here.
The mother he lov'd cannot bless him now,
Nor pillow his head on her breast,
Her hands cannot cool his burning brow,
Nor her smile his heart's unrest.

By the watchfire's blaze they dug his grave,
And gazed—a silent crowd—
On the beautiful face and spirit brave,
And the heart so false and proud.
They gave him no shroud but his soldier's cloak,
His knell was the cannons' roar,
A hurried pray'r for his soul they spoke,
And the soldier's life was o'er.

And years went by, and the soldier's name—
Made grand by a woman's love—
Liv'd pure in *two* hearts with a holy flame,
Like hope from the founts above.
And now he knows there's a light more strong
Than the ghastly torch of death,
Shining thro' trouble, despair and wrong—
A woman's holy faith.

ACUSHLA MACHREE.

COME back, my beloved, come back o'er the sea,
 To the home of thy fathers, to Erin and me ;
 Come back, while the smile of the summer is bright,
 And the brow of old Comragh is bathed in light ;
 Come back, while the robe of the meadow is green,
 While the woods wear their darkest and loveliest sheen,
 While the flowers in beauty blush bright o'er the lea,
 Come back to my bosom, *Acushla Machree*.

Oh ! soft is the light on the Suir's sunny brow,
 As the smile that illumines a young lover's vow,
 And the silver that laces its pale azure vest
 Is pure as the hearts of our own native West ;
 And modest and wild are the young blushing flowers
 That hide their sweet eyes 'mid its fairy-wrought bow'rs ;
 Yet often those bright eyes are bent towards the sea,
 And they watch for thy coming, *Acushla Machree*.

Know you the hour when the red sun sank down
 'Mid billows of gold and night's haughty frown ;
 When thy robe, dear old Comragh, flash'd many a gem,
 And thy tall brow was bound with a bright diadem ;
 When the pale creeping flowers clung round the day's
 tomb,
 And o'er ocean's pale brow wav'd a golden tipped plume ;
 When the sun's dying kiss linger'd sweetly on thee,
 And you heard his last whispers, *Acushla Machree ?*

Know you the hour when you sportively tried
 To twine the gay buds 'mid the locks of "your bride,"
 When the swift blushes mantled my cheek at the name,
 Till the red flag of heaven looked tintless and pale ?
 Oh ! tender and soft was the love-light that shone
 In your eyes when you call'd me "your dearest, your
 own ;"
 And I thought 'twas an angel that whisper'd to me,
 When you murmur'd "my darling," *Acushla Machree*.

Ah! that past; ah! that past; could wild moments of pain
Bring one ray of its light to my bosom again;
Could the flow'rs that were kiss'd by the lips of the Suir,
In the old time, spring up again blooming and pure;
Could those beautiful eyes cheer again my sad heart,
And that smile once again its wild rapture impart;
Could I rest my tir'd spirit, beloved, with thee,
Then I'd pray for death's coming, *Acushla Machree*.

Yet, why will you stay? sure our own sunny isle
Has a beautiful brow, and a soft loving smile;
Sure the hearts of her children are tender and true,
And *one* heart's ever beating and throbbing for you.
Ah! the hot crimson cloud of that fierce Indian sky
Ne'er touches the heart—it but dazzles the eye;
And the tropical sunlight that pours down on thee
Lacks *our* sun's dewy sweetness, *Acushla Machree*.

Oh! bitter and hard were the tales that they told
Of a heart that was false, and a love that was cold,
Of a fancy so fickle that one fleeting year
Had swept from its mem'ry our parting's last tear.
They whisper'd of falsehood, they whisper'd of guile,
They told me deceit lived within thy bright smile;
They said that thy heart had long wandered from me,
But I lov'd, and I trusted, *Acushla Machree*.

I lov'd you when sorrow hung threat'ning and dark
O'er our life-path, scarce lit by hope's flickering spark;
I lov'd you when poverty's pinions of gloom
Wav'd cheerlessly over our love dream's young tomb;
I lov'd you in sickness, I lov'd you in pain,
I lov'd you when love was deem'd hopeless and vain;
And could scandal's fierce tongue make you less dear
to me?
Could it blot out my love-vows, *Acushla Machree*?

I was true, and I treated their whispers with scorn,
While my love shone as pure as the smile of the morn;

I was true, tho' they show'd me the glitter of gold,
And murmur'd of wealth and of pleasures untold ;
I was true tho' their slanders hung black on thy name,
And they flung o'er thy forehead the red cloud of shame—
Yes, unheeding them all, I was faithful to thee,
And prayed for thy coming, *Acushla Machree*.

Then come back to my bosom, oh ! come back, *astoir*,
While the summer sun peeps thro' our low cottage door,
While the roses in beauty are clustering round,
And the violet bends her blue eyes to the ground ;
While the heath-bells that wave o'er old Comragh's tall
head
Catch the spangles that fall on the day-monarch's bed ;
While the zephyrs creep up from the azure-robed sea
And are lisping new love-songs, *Acushla Machree*.

Oh ! come back ; and we'll sit where the sunset's last
gleam
Flings its glory across the pale brow of the stream,
I will sing you sweet songs of our own darling isle,
And when wearied shall look for your old loving smile ;
You'll twine the wild buds once again in my hair,
And say that my cheek is more blooming and fair ;
You will whisper again the old love-words to me—
"My own blue-eyed darling, *Acushla Machree*."

Oh ! I ask but to hold you again to my breast,
To feel your dear lips to my throbbing brow press'd ;
To hear your lov'd voice once again breathe my name,
By the Suir's silver tide, in the sunset's red flame ;
To meet the deep glance of thy soul-witching eye—
Oh ! I'd pray in that moment to wither and die—
To die as I liv'd, fondly clinging to thee,
And my last breath would murmur "*Acushla Machree !*"

OH ! BOTHER THIS ACHING.

O H ! bother this aching,
I fear my heart's breaking,
Yet, what is the matter indeed I can't tell ;
Such dreaming, and sighing,
And visions of dying,
I'm sure every night I write "A Farewell."
There's no use in speakin',
I know I have taken
Some dreadful disease, could I guess but its name ;
I'm burning and chilling,
My brain's with pain thrilling,
And my heart and my soul seem one wild rush of flame.

Whenever I'm dreaming,
Two bright eyes are beaming,
And red lips are smiling wherever I turn ;
But sure that's no reason
For all this queer teasin',
How could Willie's dark eyes make my heart and brain burn?
I blush when I meet him,
I smile when I greet him,
And if he looks kindly my heart bounds with glee ;
I try to seem careless,
But his glance, gay and fearless,
Seems to say that my spirit no longer is free.

But he need'nt be smiling,
Or look so beguiling,
Or whispering so softly "We'll meet, love, again."
I don't care about him,
And can well do without him,
If I only could banish this bothering pain ;

But when he is near me,
He somehow can cheer me,
And I fancy his presence can make me quite well ;
When he turns to leave me,
Of course it don't grieve me,
Still the pain comes again when he bids me farewell.

'Twas the ninth of November,
Ah, well I remember,
The moonlight was shining across the blue wave ;
I felt strangely better,
And a white-bosomed letter
Lay smiling before me, half tempting, half grave.
'Twas from Willie, and beaming
With love's sunny gleaming ;
Ah, how oft I had wondered could he care about me ;
Now with heart beating loudly,
And cheek flushing proudly,
I read that no longer could he live without me.

What a wild rush of gladness
Came chasing the sadness,
And sickness and sorrow away from my heart ;
The sighing and sobbing,
And painful heart-throbbing,
At Willie's sweet love-words all seemed to depart ;
The words were so pretty,
How could I chide pity,
If into my heart it would saucily rove ;
And his vows are so tender,
And his eyes hold such splendour,
And pity, they say, is akin to—to love.

But, alas ! I am dying,
There's no use in trying
To love him, sure death will soon come for his prey ;
This wild, painful thrilling,
And dull, heavy chilling,
Must herald for me the sad close of life's day.

Yet, I think were he near me,
 To comfort and cheer me
 With his bright, glancing eye, and his gay, winning smile,
 His clear laugh of gladness,
 And heart free from sadness,
 We surely could conquer grim Death yet awhile.

There's no use in deceiving,
 I feel all this grieving
 Is caused by that mischievous sprite we call Love.
 Oh ! that letter, that letter !
 Ev'ry word was a fetter
 Chaining heart, brain, and soul in its merciless groove.
 Tho' this pain is alarming,
 And his love-vows are charming,
 He must look in my eyes with a deep, steady faith ;
 Then my heart will believe him,
 Nor try to deceive him,
 But promise to love and to trust him till death.

BY THE RHINE.

THE moon looked down on the battle plain
 Where the soldier chief was lying,
 His eyes were fixed in a trance of pain,
 He was wounded, starved, and dying.
 The sword, which had thrilled to his reckless grasp,
 On the red grass lay beside him,
 And the steed which sprang to his well-known clasp
 Stood near—no chief to ride him.
 High and pale was the youthful brow
 Where the curls of gold were streaming,
 Darkened now with the life-blood's crimson glow,
 And his eyes like blue stars were gleaming ;
 Stately and tall was the stalwart form
 On the damp, red grass reclining,
 And the heart 'neath the broad, brave breast was warm
 As the bright sun's noontide shining.

He came not from Prussia's land of vine,
Where victory's sunbeams quiver,
Tho' he's sleeping now by the lordly Rhine,
His high heart stilled for ever ;
Nor from the sunny land of France
Came that chief, so young and daring,
His large blue eyes held a steadier glance,
And his brow more pride was wearing.

There's a stately isle, like a priceless gem
On the ocean's bosom swelling,
Which Beauty has bound in her diadem,
And Liberty made her dwelling ;
It shines where the lingering sunbeams weave
Their last bright smiles at even,
When their kisses of love in the twilight leave
A sunnier glow on heaven.

He came from that land, his brave breast filled
With the promptings of martial glory,
And the blood in his bounding veins was spilled
For the feeble, the fair, and the hoary ;
He cared not for life, tho' Fame spoke loud
Of her glories that live for ever ;
He sought no more than a soldier's shroud,
And a grave by that lordly river.

There by his side, in the moonlight dim,
Half hid in her robe's dark veiling,
With lips and fingers that moved for him,
A gentle nun was kneeling ;
Saintly and fair as some picture bright
In an old cathedral beaming,
She shone thro' the blood-stained gloom of night,
And the red war-engines gleaming.

The dying chief looked up to smile
On that woman, so fair and tender,
And his thoughts flew back to a lonely isle,
Away from the war's red splendour ;

To another face, and an eye of blue
Which for him had sparkled ever,
To a heart that had ever been kind and true,
And had strayed from its monarch never.

Why did he leave his own fair land,
When no country's voice had called him?
Why did he clutch the gleaming brand—
No invader's deeds had galled him?
Why leave his home, and his young heart's light—
They were closely twined together—
To bind round his brow a helmet white,
And a haughty midnight feather?

It was not for Fame, for his eye was cold
When they spoke of his future glory;
He wished not the deeds, so brave and bold,
To be told in a nation's story;
It was not for love of his Prussian plume,
Nor the banner above him flying,
For in victory's hours his eyes held the gloom
Which slept in them now when dying,

And never a word of the past spoke he
To his comrades, gay and careless,
His face gave no clue to its mystery,
It was stately, calm, and fearless;
When they spoke of their loves, as soldiers speak,
And thought of the red to-morrow,
Perchance a pallor crept o'er his cheek,
And his eyes held a misty sorrow.

But ever first where the bullets flew,
And the red, cold steel was gleaming,
Was seen the flash of his eye of blue,
And his raven feather streaming;
Hotly first in the battle's van
He pressed, with a reckless daring,
Where the blood of two mighty nations ran,
He fought and fell unfearing.

They missed him at eve, as they lay to rest
Where the *bivouac* fire was shining,
And a sigh heaved many a gallant breast
As they thought where *he* was reclining ;
They missed the smile of his fearless eye,
The heart so warm and youthful,
The song and the jest so clear and high,
And the clasp of the hand so truthful.

Away in the pale moon's misty light
The soldier chief was lying,
And the eyes that bent o'er his face so white
Knew the brave young life was dying ;
She spoke of eternal light and grace
When his spirit from earth should sever,
But a shudder of pain swept across his face,
And he whispered, " To part for ever !"

He gazed on the nun's unruffled brow,
On her blue eyes' holy splendour,
And sadly thought of a broken vow,
And a young heart, true and tender ;
He took from his breast a pictured face,
And two soft and silken tresses ;
Ah ! how long they had lain on that resting-place,
Clasped close in his heart's caresses.

He parted the brown tress, soft and fair,
And the golden ringlet gleaming ;
The Sister folded two locks of hair,
The rest on his heart lay beaming.
" When my soul has passed to its home above,
Away from the war-flames curling,
Wilt thou send this tress, and my heart's wild love,
O'er the sea to my waiting darling ?

" Ah ! she was as fair and pure as thou
When she trusted her heart to my keeping ;
I broke that heart with a perjured vow ;
I dimmed her eyes with weeping.

Oh ! hide that face, with its soft blue eyes,
And its wistful, mild beseeching."
The gentle nun stilled his troubled cries
With her pure lips' holy teaching.

"I loved her then, but my heart was proud,
And I listed the world's cold warning ;
I wrapped her life in a dreary shroud,
Nor heeded my own heart's scorning.
The vows I had plighted her o'er and o'er
Were broken one star-lit even ;
Oh ! the pain in her face—no more, no more,
Is there hope for my soul in heaven ?"

Gently she spoke of the Saviour's love
For his wayward, erring creatures,
And a peace that was born of light above
Fell down on his troubled features.
Perchance 'twas a prayer brought that silent tear,
As the morning's flag was unfurling ;
The pale nun bent her young head to hear,
But the dying lips murmur, " My darling !"

In a lonely grave, 'neath a trailing vine,
The soldier is sweetly sleeping,
And the soft, blue waves of the winding Rhine
Calm watch o'er his rest are keeping ;
And those who hailed him with flattering smile
In the days of his youthful glory,
Who darkened his heart with worldly guile,
Blot him out from their lives' cold story.

But far away, in the sunny West,
There is *one* for that soldier sighing,
And closely clasped to her aching breast
Are the tresses he sent when dying.
Her frequent smile has the old-time shine,
But its gladness is gone for ever,
For her heart is away on the dark blue Rhine,
In the grave by that lordly river.

HEART AND LYRE.

THE twilight is falling, my beautiful Lyre,
Let us sit in the shadow and sing ;
We will borrow a strain from the angel choir,
A touch from each fluttering wing.
What songs will you sing me ? My heart is sad ;
Will you waken a merry lay ?
With a gay love-ditty, soft and glad,
Shall we while the hours away ?

They say that my heart is cold, sweet Lyre ;
Come tell if that tale is true ;
Your chords have thrilled to its burning fire ;
All its secrets are known to you.
You pause—and my hand falls stiff and cold
On my quickly-pulsing breast—
Oh ! no, that tale were best untold,
Let those memories sweetly rest.

They have welcomed me back to my childhood's home
With words of kindly cheer ;
They have hoped I never again will roam
From the hearts that hold me so dear.
We cannot sing of the buried past,
Of the future shall we tell ?
Oh ! no shadow of earth must e'er o'er cast
That vision we know so well.

'Tis long since I listed your beautiful voice,
I am longing to hear you again ;
You often have made my sad heart rejoice,
And lightened many a pain.
Without you I never have cared to rove,
From my heart you have ne'er been away ;
You know how each pulse of that heart can love,
So it matters not what they say.

But what shall we sing them ? I'll tell you, sweet Lyre,
The angels are singing above ;
Let us sit in the glow of the sunset's fire,
And join in their strains of love.
A sweet, sweet dream to my spirit clings,
Let me lay my head on your breast,
And the musical throb of your swelling strings
Shall lull all my sorrows to rest.

Should I lose you, sweet Lyre—you tremble and start ;
And hushed is your beautiful lay ;
Nay, come closer still to my throbbing heart,
They cannot tear you away.
Thro' weal and thro' woe you are only mine,
Your fire has been lit in my soul ;
Your love-breathing chords thro' my heart-strings twine,
And together we'll reach heaven's goal.

We have sung together since childhood's dawn,
When my spirit was wild and free,
When flashes of joy o'er my gay heart shone,
Like the sun o'er a summer's sea.
We have sung the patriot's dreary doom,
Clasped close in his prison band ;
We have striven to lift the heavy gloom
That shadows our native land.

For Ireland your first pure strains awoke,
At the touch of a child's light hand,
With strange, quaint music your anthem spoke
To the heart of our beautiful land.
But the bright string broke, with a wailing clang,
'Neath the weight of a heavy chain ;
The child's heart drooped, with a bitter pang,
And we sang no more that strain.

We have sung of love—that syren spell—
Its joy, its hope, and pain ;
I taught strange earth-born chords to swell,
And you eagerly joined the strain.

They were beautiful songs, and their soft, sweet fire
Thrilled many a sleeping heart ;
But we've lit o'er these dreams a funeral pyre,
And watched the last spark depart.

They have spoken strange stories of you, sweet Lyre ;
They have whispered that many a song
Which took life in my spirit's quenchless fire
Was a beautiful tale of wrong.
I smiled at their words in silent scorn,
They were false, as false could be ;
For stainless and pure as the dawning morn
Were the songs you sang for me.

What could they know, my beautiful one,
Of the wonderful dreams we wove ?
They could not read thro' the light that shone
Round our quaint, old songs of love ;
For angels had smiled on each glowing string,
And oft, when my hand was still,
The faint, light touch of an angel's wing
Made the chords more richly thrill.

'Tis true we strove with a fearless pride
The world's false mask to rend,
To fling the pall of deceit aside,
And unveil the treacherous friend.
Some envious ones at that strain grew pale,
And whispered such things were wrong ;
We lightly laughed at the whispered tale,
And told it aloud in song.

But never again shall we sing that song—
Those earth-born dreams are o'er—
The light that gilded your strings so long,
Shall sparkle there no more.
Let another hand, and another Lyre
Awaken that sweet, old strain,
But the passionate touch and reckless fire
Will not come to my heart again.

Oh! list to that beautiful, holy strain,
 Creeping up from the sun-gilt sea;
 My heart is full of a lonely pain—
 Will you sing that song to me?
 'Tis an angel-song, and you know it well,
 You have sung it to me before;
 It tells of the endless joys that dwell
 On that beautiful, far-off shore.

The angels will teach us those sweet old lays,
 And we'll sing for evermore
 Those beautiful anthems of love and praise,
 'Till life's dark thrall be o'er.
 But fear not, whatever my fate may be,
 Tho' from all I love I should part,
 You shall ever be closely bound to me,
 In the deep, true home of my heart.

A DREAM OF THE PAST.

I DREAMED last night that the sunny Past
 Had come back to my life with the old-time light,
 That my heart with wild throbs of joy beat fast,
 That my eyes again flashed warm and bright.
 Oh! the sunny scenes and the gladsome eye,
 And the smile that flashed so warm and free;
 The heart unfetter'd by sorrow's sigh—
 Oh! the beautiful Past, so far away.

I dreamt of an eve when the sun sank low,
 And rested his head on the Suir's fair breast,
 When the heavens were lit by a burning glow,
 And red plumes waved o'er the mountain's crest.
 I saw the sweet banks of my native tide,
 My beautiful Suir, so sunny and gay,
 And flowers grew by its grassy side,
 Like the flowers of the Past, so far away.

I dreamt of a face as proudly bright
As the storm's dark wing o'er the mountain's crest,
And an eye that flashed like the star of night,
Or the lightning's blaze o'er the ocean's breast.
But now, in my dream, that eye looked down
On me with a soft and tender ray ;
The high, proud brow wore no haughty frown
That eve in the Past, so far away.

Again I drank in the burning light
Of those radiant eyes, and my spirit bowed
At the feet of my idol, so darkly bright—
At the feet of that man so coldly proud.
He spoke of love, and the wildering spell
Chained spirit and soul in its fetters gay ;
My heart from pride's haughty summit fell
That eve in the Past, so far away.

Oh ! woe for the dreams of the vanished Past ;
Oh ! woe for the hopes of my buried youth ;
The flowers have died in the burning blast
That swept o'er each feeling of love and truth.
I wasted the light of my youth's fair morn
On a transient dream, a fading ray ;
I gave no heed to the cold world's scorn
In the beautiful Past, so far away.

I awoke from my dream to life, to *thought*,
And over my soul swept a wildering pain ;
The peace which my heart had so dearly bought
Was all, sweet Heaven ! in vain, in vain ;
And thoughts more bright than the dream's gay sheen
Stole over my heart, with a fleeting ray ;
But never, oh ! never will come again
Those dreams of the Past, so far away.

I raised in my heart a lonely shrine,
And flowers from the garden of fancy brought ;
The flowers, the gems, the songs were *mine*—
For my idol no borrowed gifts I bought.

Lowly I bent at my hero's feet,
And drank in the light of his smile's bright ray ;
Ah ! my heart dreamed visions as pure, as sweet,
In the beautiful Past, so far away.

But soon the soft blue sky was o'ercast,
The storm-clouds swept with a sullen glow,
The frail shrine shook in the howling blast,
And my beautiful idol swayed to and fro.
Vain were the fragile wreaths I wove—
They snapped in the lightning's fiery ray ;
But one tiny blossom, the bud of love,
Lived thro' the Past, so far away.

The tears I shed in the silent night,
The smiles I wore in the noontide's glare,
Kept that lonely blossom unstained and fair,
Kept its drooping petals unbent and fair.
The smiles were false, but they wove a veil
O'er my dying heart, and a cold bright ray
Hid the wild, dark thoughts I would fain conceal
In the sorrowful Past, so far away.

But the tears were true—on my burning heart
They fell in a cool, refreshing shower ;
They drew from my breast the galling smart,
And gave new life to the drooping flower.
Oh ! the maddening pain of a tearless grief ;
Oh ! the wildering torture I felt that day,
When those tears brought a fountain of sweet relief
To my soul in the Past, so far away.

There's an icy chill in my heart to-night,
A cold, cruel pride is ever nigh ;
It walks in the footsteps of young delight,
And laughs at pity's relenting sigh.
'Tis the silent sorrow that knows no rest,
'Tis the fatal gloom of that far-off day,
'Tis the spectre that entered my frozen breast
That eve in the Past, so far away.

That eve when they told me, with lips grown white,
That my fairy visions of love must die,
That my life must for ever be veiled in night,
But my lips must not utter despair's wild cry.
Calmly they told me, with careless jest,
That my beautiful idol was only clay ;
O God ! what wild agony wrung my breast
That eve in the Past, so far away.

I uttered no word ; in my dying heart
Every quivering string was broken and rent ;
The blow had been aimed with unerring dart,
And my high, proud spirit in silence bent.
I gathered the flowers, still bright and sweet
With the rosy shadows of love's young ray,
And I laid them down at my false love's feet,
In the grave of the Past, so far away.

There was bitter pride in my burning heart ;
A hand of ice pressed recklessly down
The feelings which once used 'round me dart
Like the rays of light in an angel's crown.
Even *faith* was lost in the turbulent sea
Of passion that swept o'er my soul that day,
And from joy and from sorrow my life is free,
Since the merciless Past, so far away.

Once since that Past, on the broad sea-shore,
We met—the idol, so false and proud,
And the woman whose heart, in the days of yore,
With reckless love at his altar bowed.
Weary and sad, thro' the world's dark maze
We had wandered apart since that fatal day,
When the shadow of doom fell on each young face
In the turbulent Past, so far away.

And a stranger glance and a chilling smile
Alone remained of the beautiful Past ;
My passionate heart grew still awhile—
Oh, fool ! to think that such dreams could last.

He spoke of love, and his eyes so bland
 Sought mine with a smiling, mocking ray ;
 But in Friendship's name I gave him my hand,
 For the sake of the Past, so far away.

And then he spoke of the beautiful Past,
 And laughingly talked of our dream of light—
 "It is well such visions never last,"

He told me, his eyes with laughter bright.
 I silently heard him—Oh, God above !

My soul flew to you on that fatal day,
 In one sobbing cry for my lost, lost love—
 Oh ! woe for the Past so far away.

Calmly we parted—my heart was still ;
 I knew that a nobler path was mine—
 The strength of a high, unbending will
 Shall force new lights on my life to shine ;
 And Fame shall smother my heart's wild pain,
 With her brazen trumpets and banners gay ;
 But never, oh ! never, will come again
 The love of the Past, so far away.

TELL ME NOT OF SORROW.

TELL me not of sorrow,
 I'll be glad and gay ;
 It may smile to-morrow,
 Let it rain to-day.
 Gloomy clouds may hover
 O'er my path a while ;
 They must soon pass over,
 So I'll sing and smile.

Tell me not of sorrow,
 Not one single drop
 Shall despondence borrow
 For life's brimming cup.

Sing a happy measure,
Sing a merry lay,
Full of hope and pleasure,
Like a summer day.

Bring no lay of sadness,
Bring no mournful wail,
Waking dreams of madness
With their gloomy tale.
Let the dead past slumber
In its hard won rest;
Wake a merry number,
It will please me best.

Pause ere yet thy finger
Wakes the sleeping lyre ;
I would have thee linger
O'er no strains of fire.
Let thy song be gladness,
Strike no chords of pain,
Weave no sighs of sadness
Thro' the flow'ry chain.

Let no love-song sweetly
Ripple o'er the strings,
It would vanish fleetly,
Leaving but the stings.
Its bewitching story
Might awake old dreams,
As the sun's warm glory
Thaws the frozen streams.

Wake not with thy numbers
Visions of the past ;
Rouse not from their slumbers
Dreams too fair to last.
Hope is too delusive—
Wake for it no strain ;
Joy is vain, illusive,
Vanishing in pain.

Sing a strain of glory,
Sing ambition's praise,
Gild the dazzling story
With thy lyre's bright rays;
Place these these ice-cold flowers
On the brow of Fame,
And to cheer sad hours,
She will give a name.

Louder still, and louder,
Let the bright chords swell—
Fame claims accents prouder
Than a tocsin bell.
Tell me not with sadness
There's poison in the cup;
Tho' the draught be madness,
Fill the goblet up.

Why, oh! minstrel linger?
Why that sigh of pain?
Sweep thy magic finger
Thro' the chords again;
Drown in waves of sweetness
Wild regret and care;
Hush with mirthful fleetness,
Moanings of despair.

Why that look of wonder
At my headlong haste;
Would'st thou have me ponder
On the heart's wild waste?
No, thy fairy measure
Holds a rapture yet—
In wild waves of pleasure
Let me drown regret.

Would'st thou have me listen
To that anthem clear,
Till mine eye should glisten
With the heavy tear?

Ah! love's chain is slender ;
One light breath may break
Every link of splendour—
'Tis too frail and weak.

I'll not list to sadness
Trembling on thy string ;
Sing of joy or madness,
But no sorrow bring.
Minstrel, I had sought thee,
To drown my sad regret,
And, minstrel, thou hast taught me
I never can forget.

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

SOFTLY over the grey old town
The mystic shadows of night fell down,
When she hurried away from the ceaseless din
Of the streets, where the gas-light smiled on sin ;
Away from the glowing festive hall,
Where beauty and love wove their fairy thrall ;
Away from all that would hold her back,
From the bare and rugged, yet shining track ;
Voices called with a loud, wild cry—
She paused not to listen, but passed them by,
'Till she reached the home of her soul's adored,
Her Beautiful One, her chosen Lord.

She paused, ere her foot the threshold crossed,
To look back on the things she had loved and lost ;
The flash and glitter, the love and light,
Which shone round that hall, so warm and bright ;
And here the snow fell cold and still,
And the piercing wind made her heart grow chill ;

Soft lips in pleading to her's were pressed ;
Hands held her close to a loving breast ;
Eyes were dark with a dull despair ;
Knees were bent at her feet in prayer—
All that riches and love combined
Could offer was round her pathway twined.

One brought her flowers, gay and sweet,
And tenderly laid them down at her feet ;
One offered glittering gems and gold,
Wealth and beauty, and joy untold ;
One spoke of pleasure, of pomp and ease,
And the world's wild joys, which never cease ;
One offered the gleaming wreath of Fame,
And the dazzling bribe of a lofty name ;
One with eloquence, framed by lips above,
Poured out at her feet a tale of love—
All gifts that the world's proud eyes gleamed on
Were laid at the feet of that cherished one.

And she, unmoved by the flash and glow,
Looked wistfully out on the winter snow ;
She crushed the flowers beneath her feet,
And her smile, tho' cold as the snow, was sweet ;
The gold and gems she flung aside,
With the calm, cold scorn of a royal bride ;
With loathing from Pleasure's smile she turned,
And its glittering gifts from her pathway spurned ;
When they offered her Fame, she took her lyre,
Which so oft had thrilled with a soft, sweet fire—
One moment a pang convulsed her heart,
Then she tore the sparkling strings apart.

When they offered the fairy gifts of love,
She smiled and lifted her eyes above ;
If the earthly tale made her heart rejoice,
'Twas because it seemed like an angel's voice ;
Tho' beautiful words from fond lips poured,
Her soul swerved not from her chosen Lord.

Then they angrily said that her heart was stone,
That love o'er her path had never shone.
Her laugh had a sweet, yet stately ring,
For she knew she was loved by a Mighty King—
And she—oh! they never can know her love,
'Till they meet her soul in the halls above.

From Pomp and Pleasure she turned aside,
And cast from her brow the wreath of pride ;
She passed from her home, so bright and fair,
Out on the highway, cold and bare ;
Onward she went, thro' the snow and sleet,
The sharp stones wounding her tender feet ;
There was nought to shield her from cold and storm,
No mantle of ermine, soft and warm ;
Yet her smile was sweet, and her heart was light,
As she passed thro' the gloom of the winter night ;
She had left a world her soul abhorred,
And reached the home of her chosen Lord.

No sentinels guarded the open gate,
To bid her pause in the cold and wait ;
No guards in crimson and gold were there ;
No banners waved on the midnight air ;
No courtiers thronged 'round the Great King's throne ;
In the cold and dark she found Him—alone.
Others had sought and found Him, too,
With faith as steady, love as true
As hers ; and he bade them for ever roam
In the love and joy of his radiant home.
From the night of trial they passed away,
To live in the light of eternal day.

Into the cold and gloom she went,
Where one silver lamp its radiance lent
To brighten the simple marble stone,
Which served for the mighty Monarch's throne.
Speechless with joy, at His feet she knelt,
And the clasp of His arms around her felt ;

Close to His heart she was fondly pressed,
Her head reclined on His sacred breast—
Oh! what was the world's fleeting bliss
To a joy as holy and pure as this!
He was all her own, this mighty King,
Round whom myriads of angels sweetly sing.

Little of glory was round Him there,
The walls of His court were cold and bare;
No costly pictures and jewels bright,
Gleamed in the pale lamp's feeble light;
No royal robes were o'er Him flung,
But a purple mantle around Him clung;
No jewelled crown on His brow was worn,
But a platted wreath of jagged thorn;
He bore no sceptre of gems and gold,
But a blood-stained Cross, that was worn and old;
He bent and swayed 'neath the heavy load—
Yet He was Monarch of Monarchs—God.

But the loving heart of the bride could trace
Only beauty and love on His radiant face;
She lifted the Cross, which so rudely pressed,
And folded it close to her own young breast;
She covered His shoulders, cut and bare,
With the long, bright waves of her own rich hair;
And the thorns which wounded His pallid brow,
Are twining around her forehead now;
Her strong, young heart was warm and bright,
Her clear eyes shone with a radiant light;
She had found her Treasure, her soul's adored—
She was loved by Heaven's Eternal Lord.

She trembled not at the long, dark road
O'er which she must carry that heavy load;
He would be with her thro' weal and woe,
Thro' the summer sun and the winter snow;
When tired and footsore, her place of rest
Would ever be on His loving breast;

His love would shield her from grief and harm ;
Her foes should fall 'neath His mighty arm ;
All that the love of a King could give,
Should around her path for ever live—
For eternal light she had cast away
The clouded sun of a fleeting day !

She gave no heed to each passing pain,
But clasped her Cross with a firmer strain ;
With steady heart she bravely trod
The path that was pressed by the feet of a God.
And soon in the hush of a summer night,
Her eyes grew full of a strange, sweet light ;
She laid her head on the Cross she bore,
Whose weight shall weary her nevermore ;
In life to her heart it was fondly pressed,
In death she made it her place of rest.
The Great King smiled when they brought His bride,
And her home is for evermore by His side.

THE FLIRT.

HOW can I help if my face is fair,
If my eyes are laughing and bright,
If nature has given me rich dark hair,
And a smile of gladness and light ?
Must I never look up from the ground, for fear
Some heart be caught in the snare ?
Ah ! that, methinks, would be paying too dear
For a face that is pretty and fair.

They call me a flirt, and each dowager grim
Rebukes me with angry pride,
While they count on their fingers of him and him
Whom I lured from their daughters' side.

What do I care for their angry words?
The triumph is always mine—
We smile and bow o'er the parrying swords,
But I royally quaff the wine.

Am I to blame if men will throng
Round my footsteps day by day?
If they keep by my side thro' the dance and song,
When I wish them far away?
I smile when they go, and I smile when they come,
I laugh at each tender vow;
In the silent grove, and the ball-room's hum,
I carry the same gay brow.

How can I guess if their vows are true?
They are *men* who tell me they love,
And I know such words mean nothing new—
They tenderly rhyme with dove.
They forget I have listened to vows the same
Since the dawn of my early youth,
And know they bear but an empty name
With the semblance of love and truth.

What do I care if some hearts I break,
So my triumph at last is won?
I tenderly smile at the vows they speak,
And heedlessly lure them on.
I sigh, and cover my downcast face
With the edge of my lace-tipped fan,
But it's only a gesture of studied grace—
Let them read thro' the veil if they can.

I give to my lashes a downward sweep,
A droop to my flower-crowned head,
When I bid him depart I softly weep,
And the words are tenderly said;
I give him my jewelled hand to kiss,
His forgiveness I implore;
He stands transfixed with pain and bliss,
And goes, but to love me more.

Cruel, you say—well, perhaps it is ;
But I learned it long ago,
When my heart was as foolishly fond as this,
And saw not the future's woe.
I was a child with a beautiful face—
He had a demon's guile—
He was shrined in my spirit's purest place—
I lived in his treacherous smile.

I was a child with a true young heart—
He was a world-weary man—
He toyed with my life in his cruel art,
As I toy with this fluttering fan.
For want of the city's sin and show,
He played with my trustful heart,
And taught me a lesson I did not know—
The secret of playing a part.

That is the story they never guess
Of my brilliant life a part—
How should they know that my silken dress
Swells over a broken heart?
And now I love to lure them on,
And reign over men a queen,
But I scorn the triumphs so gaily won,
And sigh for what might have been.

Hearts ! how I laugh when they talk of a heart,
And tell me their love is true ;
I know they are skilfully playing a part,
But the game is nothing new ;
I can play it off like a game of chess,
And smile, as I surely win—
Yet I know that my life is nothing less
Than a heartless, alluring sin.

But revenge, they say, is passing sweet,
And my goblet is brimming up ;
I dance o'er their necks with my reckless feet,
And laughingly drain the cup.

I scorn myself and my hollow life,
 But will play out the game of the past,
 Upholding my sceptre thro' all the strife—
 A queen to the very last.

TO S. M. T.

MY soul's adored ! and is it thus we part ?
 Must all the fairy dreams of youth decay—
 Is nothing left to still my throbbing heart—
 No hope to gild life with one bright'ning ray ?
 "Farewell !" is that the requiem of our dream—
 The last sad word thy lips shall breathe to me—
 The thunder clap to mar day's sunny beam—
 The wildest, maddest chord of misery ?

Ah ! what a wildering dream of love was ours—
 Too bright, too beautiful, too pure to last ;
 A sunbeam wreathed round with blushing flowers
 To perish when the first dark cloud o'ercast ;
 And yet I struggled 'gainst the gathering storm,
 And kept the tender flower unbent and fair ;
 I yielded not until thy sheltering arm
 Fell scathed 'neath the lightning's fatal glare.

And thou art gone ! and what to me is life,
 Of love, of light, of hope, and you bereft ?
 A weary wilderness of woe and strife,
 With nothing but a heart to suffer left.
 And thou art gone ! and I must walk alone
 The path we meant to travel side by side ;
 I live, I breathe, but thou, but thou art gone—
 My soul's beloved one, my hope, my pride !

And where art thou, beloved ; where art thou ?
 'Tis but a little time since thy dear lips
 Were pressed upon my wildly throbbing brow ;
 Now all is gone ; a deadly, dark eclipse

Has fallen on my soul ; there is no light
For me ; the day, the sun, the air
Is pregnant with a fatal, hopeless blight,
Which settles on my heart like cold despair.

I cannot weep ; my heart is scorched and sear,
A burning desert without one bright spot
From which to flow one cool, refreshing tear,
To tell that Hope my soul has not forgot.
And I had borne long years of bitter pain
With cheerful heart, and bright, unfrowning brow,
Trusting when all was dark, when trust seemed vain ;
But this, but this ; oh ! reason totters now.

" Farewell !"—oh, darling ! shall I never more
Hear aught but that from lips beloved too well ;
Is every dream of youth and gladness o'er ;
Is nothing left but this cold word, " farewell ?"
Was love like ours too bright, too pure, too true
To blossom in this world of sin and woe,
And must it perish like the morning's dew
Before the fierce-eyed sun-god's burning glow ?

Yes, all is gone ! and never more for me
The rosy light of youth shall weave its spell ;
From all life's trammels my cold heart is free ;
I've listened to the last toll of the knell ;
I've counted the last life-beat of my heart ;
I've watched the flowers their faintest fragrance shed ;
I've seen the fading rays of hope depart ;
And my long-suffering heart at last is—dead.

Farewell to thee, beloved ! never more
My lips may breathe thy name—alas ! too dear ;
For me the treasured dreams of youth are o'er ;
The past is dead, the future dark and drear.
Farewell ! a long farewell, beloved, to thee !
No more my heart shall thrill to thy bright spell ;
My life is now a hopeless mockery ;
Our only fault is having loved too well.

MY DREAM.

NAY, droop not, my brothers, the fight is not o'er ;
You shall measure your strength with the Saxon once
more ;

I dreamed that the foe shall be scattered afar,
For the right hand of God holds the banner of war.

Rose our brothers, at morn, in battle array,
And their steel caught its light from the red god of day ;
In the strength of their manhood uprose they in might,
And proudly uplifted the banner of Right.

They marched to the combat, serenely and strong,
Like the waves of the ocean careering along,
And like weeds from the sea-shore the foemen were driven,
By the valour of men and the anger of heaven.

The sunlight was gilding the brow of the Suir,
And Intacta was praying for the cause of the pure,
When those eagle-eyed men, with the spirit of light,
Marched fearlessly onward thro' bigotry's night.

I knelt in the darkness, and gazed out afar,
Where the glory of Freedom shone forth like a star ;
" Oh, God of my fathers !" I cried, " end this woe ;
Let the hand of thy justice descend on the foe !"

Beside me stood men in the morning of youth,
Their foreheads uplifted in beauty and truth ;
In the ranks of the foemen were traitors and slaves,
Whose deeds shall yet ring like a curse o'er their graves.

The banner of noontide was proudly unfurled,
And its crimson barr'd glory flashed out on the world ;
But a darkness as deep as the shadow of death
Fell down where the battle was raging beneath.

I knelt in that shadow, bowed down to the earth,
In terror awaiting young Liberty's birth,
When a voice, like glad music from heaven's white shore,
Cried, "Arouse thee, my daughter, the combat is o'er!"

I looked, and the starry-fringed mantle of even
Was clasped around earth by the white hands of heaven;
The war-cries were silent, for Peace had come down
In her raiment of white, holding Liberty's crown.

Before me were gathered, their foreheads aflame
With the glory which henceforth shall circle their name,
The men who had triumphed o'er danger and gloom,
For the people's loud voice is the trumpet of doom.

I looked up to heaven, with glory 'twas bright,
And the hand of the Godhead came forth thro' the light,
A circlet of splendour dropped down thro' the glow,
And we bound it with pride round our chieftain's high brow.

We love him, our chieftain, so spotless and pure,
With a soul like the waves of our own native Suir;
God's blessing descend on the hands that have fought
His battles, by honour and chivalry taught.

God bless them, the silver-haired sires of our land—
May their names live for ever beloved and grand;
When they pass thro' the valley of shadows—oh! then,
May their children revere the pure name of those MEN.

God bless them, the gallant, the young, and the brave,
Whom no despot could brand as a craven or slave;
May the love of the maiden, the glory of fame,
Twine sweetness and greatness around their young name.

Aye, shout the glad tidings across the blue wave,
Intacta shall yet wed the pure and the brave;
Let our brothers across the broad ocean wave know
That your *might* shall the power of the Saxon o'erthrow.

Farewell to thee, chief ! my weak hand cannot raise
The weapon of battle ; my pen can but praise ;
Thy wreath has been twined by the brave and the strong—
Let *me* add to the garland one blossom of song.

THE OLD SONGS.

I CANNOT sing the sweet old songs
I sang in days gone by,
They bring the sadness to my heart,
The tear-drops to mine eye ;
They mind me of the sunny past,
So bright, so pure and gay,
They mind me of the wither'd flow'rs
That fill my heart to-day.

I cannot sing the sweet old songs,
Their music seems to me
The wailing of a broken heart,
The cry of misery.
But in the bright and gladsome past,
For me each trembling string
Was brighter than the waves of gold
Which gild an angel's wing.

I cannot sing the sweet old songs—
Oh ! take the lute away—
I cannot bring a gladsome smile
To deck my brow to-day.
The quiv'ring strings that once awoke
To strains of heart-felt glee,
Now breathe the trembling notes of woe—
Death chimes of hope to me.

I cannot sing the sweet old songs,
Each word recalls a dream
As radiant as the glowing lights
That round the sun-god beam ;
They tell of flow'rs that droop'd and died
Of warmth and sunny bloom
Which faded from my life, and left
A cold and settled gloom.

I cannot sing the sweet old songs,
I sang them long ago,
When o'er my gay and joyous heart
A thought of care or woe
Had never flung an ice-cold hand,
Or swept a hopeless cloud,
And never dreamt my thoughtless life
Of sorrow's restless shroud.

I cannot sing the sweet old songs,
But in the days gone by
I listen'd to each melting chord
With joyous heart and eye;
I smiled at merry notes of glee,
I wept at sorrow's strain,
But, oh! I never dreamt that I'
Should feel the same wild pain.

I cannot sing the sweet old songs—
The winning voice is hush'd—
That twin'd their tender spells around
The heart now worn and crush'd;
The large dark eye of voiceless love,
The smile of treach'rous light,
Have ceas'd to be, and nought is left
Save cold, unending night.

I cannot sing the sweet old songs—
In mercy let me rest—
You cannot guess the madd'ning pain
That's pulsing thro' my breast.

You think, because I smile and jest,
My heart can feel no care—
Oh! heaven shield your sunny life
From woes that rankle there.

I cannot sing the sweet old songs,
They're buried with the past,
They faded like the gentle flow'rs
Before the biting blast;
And nothing but the wither'd leaves,
And broken chords remain;
Then ask no more, I will not wake
To life one quiv'ring strain.

I cannot sing the sweet old songs,
When all their light has fled;
But when the cold grave's pulseless hand
Shall cool my aching head,
Oh! let those lips I loved so well,
Those hands my fingers press'd,
Twine song and flow'rs in one bright wreath
And lay them on my breast.

THE SUNSET.

LAST night I stood upon the craggy cliff,
And watched the yellow sun sink down to rest;
All heaven's fires were blazing forth as if
The Godhead's smiles had crowned the glowing crest
And lit proud Comragh's darkly purpling vest.
I saw the chequer'd clouds that slowly rolled
Their massive columns in the crimson west,
And the tall mountain, 'neath its plumes of gold,
Shine with a glory strange, unheard, untold.

Night's star-gemmed veil hangs o'er her drooping brow,
And hides the tints that o'er her forehead break,
As the red god breathes his impassion'd vow,
In her bent ear, and kisses her dark cheek
With love, of which to tell man's tongue is weak ;
And darker falls the veil around her head,
And paler on her brow grows love's red streak,
As from her side the wayward god has fled,
And sinks to rest on ocean's foam-fring'd bed.

And now that long and living trail of light
Which circles like a crown the mountain's brow—
Oh, God ! around my soul how strangely bright
That thread of glory winds its radiance now,
And chains each sense like music's heavenly flow.
Oh ! with what awe I gazed, till my wrapt mind
Seem'd bathed in the red heaven's burning glow,
And soar'd aloft upon the song-wing'd wind
Thro' Fancy's glowing portals, wild and unconfin'd.

A robe of glory bound the earth's broad breast,
The golden zone that clasp'd it seem'd on fire,
In blood-red crimson blazed the jewell'd west,
And flames of light shot forth a funeral pyre
Round the throne where I beheld day's god expire.
All earth was still : e'en summer's fragrant breath
So faint, so low, that Nature's wind-play'd lyre
Was silent, and the mountain's crown of heath
Scarce stirr'd in that low, solemn hush of death.

And now the last red arrow's burning gleam
Has flash'd across the paling heaven's dome,
Tinting the ocean with a lurid gleam
Of light one moment, and then finds a home
In the sea-caves beneath the blue-fring'd foam.
Night's veil falls darkly 'round her sadden'd brow,
And twilight shadows deepen into gloom,
And faded now the bright heaven's burning glow,
And faint and soft the dark waves' pensive flow.

PARTED FOR EVER.

YES, we are parted—parted for ever—
 Never again, save as strangers, to meet—
 All the bright love-cords that bound us we sever—
 Beautiful visions! fleeting as sweet.
 Never again shall my sad eyes behold thee,
 Save with the cold, listless glances of pride;
 Never again shall my wild soul enfold thee
 With the song-wreaths I wove in the past by thy side.

Beautiful Past! could the light of thy glory
 Glimmer again o'er the waste of my life,
 Tinging with beauty the Future's seal'd story,
 Brightning the hard Present's sorrow and strife;
 Then would my spirit spring up from its sadness,
 Glad'ning again into beauty and bloom,
 Soothing the pain with the rose-flush of gladness,
 Hiding with flowers the angel op'd tomb.

But we are parted, and never again, love,
 Can the Past's sunny brightness illumine my heart,
 Down in its depths lives a wee aching pain love,
 Plaintively moaning "For ever we part."
 Never again shall thy love-spells surround me,
 Dazzling and blinding my soul with their light;
 Broken for ever the sweet chain that bound me;
 Faded the day-beams of love into night.

Where art thou now, oh! my darling, my darling?
 Where do thy lone footsteps wander to-night?
 Out where the hot breath of Etna is curling
 A death pyre round danger's red altar of light;
 Do the wild spells of Greece wreath their magic about thee?
 Or thrills thy rapt soul to the proud smiles of Rome?
 Dost thou think of the heart that is aching without thee—
 Weary and sad in my lone Irish home?

Oh ! wert thou dead, half the sting of this sorrow
Were lost in the hope that again we should meet,
'Mid the bright angel bow'rs on some blissful to-morrow,
When the light of our love should be lasting, as sweet ;
Then, tho' my heart for thy presence might languish,
I could raise the dark veil that now hangs o'er thy head,
And fling back the taunts that now thrill me with anguish—
For the fierce tongue of Scandal ne'er touches the dead.

Why did we meet in our youth's sunny morning ?
Why did we love with such passionate fire ?
Why did the prophet-soul whisper no warning
Of the future that threaten'd, so gloomy and dire ?
Why was no angel hand stretch'd forth to save us
From the beautiful falsehood that shone o'er our life ?—
Shone for a moment, to madden and leave us
Plung'd in the gloom of the heart's fiery strife.

Parted for ever ! oh, words fraught with madness—
Fearful as Dante's dread sentence of woe—
Words blotting out all the young spirit's gladness—
Words flinging gloom over youth's buoyant glow.
Parted, while spring flowers blossom around us ;
Parted, while spring's smile still lingers to kiss
Nature's soft cheek, as if trying to surround us
With visions as fair as our own fleeting bliss.

Oh ! wert thou here, what were sickness or sorrow ?
Oh ! wert thou true, what were poverty's sting ?
Still from thy smile could my glad spirit borrow
Beauty and life, as thou only can bring.
Beautiful smile !—never more shall thy glory
Flash o'er my life-path, dispelling its gloom ;
All the sweet lights that illum'd my heart's story
Are darkened and crushed by the world's dread doom.

Little I care what the world may call thee ;
Little I care if thy heart wears guilt's vow ;
All the sweet spells that thou wovest to enthrall me
Were pure as the sun-flush on Lebanon's brow.

Let the world rail at the faults that deface thee,
 Let its cold finger point out the sins of thy youth,
 Still from my heart it can never efface thee,
 Nor fling one dark cloud o'er my trust in thy truth.

Perchance thou hast breathed false tales to the many,
 Perchance thou hast broken the often pledg'd faith,
 But I *know* that thy heart felt no love-pulse for any—
 To me thou art faithful—faithful to death.
 And think they my spirit can ever upraid thee,
 Tho' I bow to the pride that has doomed us to part?
 Ah! no; tho' I weep for the sins that betray'd thee,
 The sinner is cherish'd more close to my heart.

Parted for ever! *mavourneen, mavourneen,*
 Mournfully wail these sad words thro' my breast;
 Thou amid far foreign climes art sojourning—
 I in our lonely home sigh for some rest.
 Ah! that old home; how thy smile us'd to brighten
 Ev'ry dear scene like an angel-wrought spell;
 Never more shall thy presence its cold shadows lighten—
 Parted for ever—beloved one, farewell!

TO CHARLES KICKHAM.

POET-DREAMER, they have torn thee from thy visions
 grand, sublime,
 And with ruthless hands have broken thy wild *clairseach's*
 thrilling chime;
 Senseless to its glowing numbers, tales of love, of hope, and
 pride,
 And of hate, and burning scorn, breathed o'er its fiery tide!
 They have torn thee from the country for whose wrongs awoke
 thy lyre—
 Now in tones of wailing sadness, now in strains of burning
 fire.

Never more thou'lt see the valley where the golden shadows
rest,
Nor with fearless steps go bounding o'er the mountain's
haughty breast ;
Now a gloomy shadow settles on thy young, aspiring name,
And a rankling thorn is mingl'd with the laurel wreath of
fame.

Brightly shines the morning's sunbeams on Tipperary's
em'rald vest,
And its rays, like diamond arrows, glint along the ocean's
breast ;
Never more thou'lt sit and watch them slowly fading, one by
one ;
Never more thou'lt see their shadows rest on heathy Slieve-
namon,
Nor the moonbeams' silver fingers, on the Galtees' haughty
peak,
Nor the storm in cloudy fierceness on its granite forehead
break.
Fetters ! fetters ! prison fetters clasp thee in their circles tight,
Prison doors and prison dungeons throw their veil before
thy sight ;
All the forms of grace and beauty which thy pure soul lov'd
to trace
Never more shall spread their glories on thy young enthusiast
face.

Poet-felon ! oh ! how proudly do we hail thee by that name,
Which so brightly with its glory gilds the summit of thy fame ;
We have watched thee in the spring-time of thy brilliant
poet life,
And have seen thee in its summer plunging in the patriot
strife ;
Never, then, tho' wreathed honour shone upon thy poet brow,
Did our hearts so warmly greet thee, as they greet thee,
" *felon*," now.

When thy pale brow's glowing, redden'd with no craven,
coward fear,
When thine eye grows dimly misty with the martyr's blinding
tear,
Hearts beat for thee, suffering brother, hands rush forth to
grasp thy hand,
As the fatal dock thou'rt leaving—leaving, too, thine own
green land.

“Farewell, gifted child of beauty!” oh! how loudly rings
the wail
O'er old Munster's haughty mountains, thro' fair Anner's
sunny vale.
Farewell, minstrel-martyr bravest! green Tipperary's poet
pride!
Better 'neath the cross thou wert sleeping by thy native
mountain's side;
No stranger's foot would there be crushing budding daisies
on thy breast;
No Saxon gyves thy limbs abrading, no Saxon eyes watch
o'er thy rest;
There no Saxon butchers flinging round thy sides their cruel
lash;
There no Saxon cells were closing on thee with a sick'ning
crash;
Silent, sleeping, angels with thee, sweetly singing songs of love,
Like thine own, with angels' music, in the choirs of heaven
above.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

LAY him here, where the moonbeam flings
Her silver smile o'er the calm, cold wave ;
Here, where the wild bird nightly sings
Her requiem song o'er the hero's grave.
What tho' his pillow be hard and bare,
And the white frost chills the midnight air,
The frost is less cold than his young heart now,
And the night less damp than his pallid brow.

Push the curls of dark gold aside—
They're crush'd and tarnish'd with crimson blood—
Wipe the dark stains from his brow of pride
In the soft cool streamlet's silver flood ;
Fold the white lids o'er the dark blue eye,
Whose glance, like the eagle's, proud and high,
Flash'd death on the foe where e'er it fell,
As bright as the sword of Azael.

He was a mother's wayward boy,
He was a sister's hope and pride,
He fill'd a father's heart with joy,
He was the life of a blue-eyed bride.
Now he is laid on an alien shore,
And his requiem song is the billow's roar—
Nor mother, nor wife, nor sister near,
To hallow his grave with the soul-felt tear.

Well he remember'd the soft green shore
Of the dear old isle, so far away,
Where, with his *Gracie, bhan a stoir,*
He roam'd in the silver twilight's ray.
Never again shall he see the bride
He left so late in the flush of pride ;
Never again shall he tread the land
Where his soul first bounded with visions grand.

He was the bravest among the band
That stood 'neath the em'rald flag at morn ;
His was the swift and stalwart hand
That answer'd with blows the foeman's scorn.
Ah ! if he stood on his own green shore,
'Mid the cheering shout and the battle's roar !—
Sad that a spirit so young and brave
Must sleep in an alien soldier's grave.

The morn beheld him proud and strong,
Cheering his men in the deadly strife,
Borne on the battle's wing along—
War was his mother, sire, and wife ;
But when the eve's last arrow sped
Back to its home in the ocean's bed,
Some demon guided the death-tipped dart
Which wing'd its way to his brave young heart.

Over the ghastly heaps of dead
A slender form is seen to glide,
Keen is her eye, and bent her head—
Is she some wounded warrior's bride ?
Why does she pause, with frenzied eye
Wildly uprais'd to the placid sky ?
What means that murmur, faint and low,
As she sinks on the breast of O'Connor Roe ?

Far from her own old island home,
Far from Glencairn's wooded grove,
Over the ocean's crested foam,
Gracie had followed her soldier-love.
Here, by the Potomac's fatal flood,
Whose waves are crimson with Irish blood,
She found him—the gallant, the young, and brave—
And her broken heart hallow'd the soldier's grave.

The night has passed, and morning's smile
Peeps out 'neath the ocean's veil of night ;
It points to the far-away worshipp'd isle,
And brightens poor Gracie's locks of light ;

But never more shall her blue eyes ope,
 Like the morning's smile, full of light and hope,
 Nor sorrow nor danger can touch her more—
 She sleeps with her love by the Potomac's shore.

Ah, wretched land ! thus day by day
 The thorns are press'd on your aching brow ;
 Your bravest and fairest are torn away
 To an alien land, or a stranger's blow.
 How many sons, as true and bright
 As O'Connor, sleep in death's dark night ;
 And daughters, like *Gracie, bhan a stoir*,
 Share their nameless graves by a foreign shore ?

Well, they are gone ; the brave and the true !
 Together they sleep in their nameless grave ;
 They were wept by the heaven's calm eye of blue,
 And their requiem sung by the moaning wave.
 Oh ! happy to die as Gracie died,
 On a hero's breast, 'neath a flag of pride ;
 Who would not, rather than live a slave,
 Share with O'Connor a soldier's grave ?

TO A HEART.

O H ! my heart, my heart, be still !
 How can I soothe your pain ?
 How can I while away the chill,
 Or bind the broken chain ?
 Why did you ever love ?
 Why weakly wear the spell—
 More dear to you than light from above—
 Why did you love so well ?

Hide, hide your mournful wail,
Down in the aching deep ;
Cover it o'er with the haughty veil
Which tells of the heart's sleep.
Breathe not that tale so old
Ever again to me ;
Why, tho' my heart be dead and cold,
Should my lips smileless be ?

You've loved ; oh, foolish heart !
Hide from the world that woe,
Or writhe in its scorn's fiery dart
Its anger's mocking glow.
Laugh at the world's smile
With cold, unchanging eye,
Let it not guess that such pangs the while
In your frozen bosom lie.

You have but learned to bear—
Others have borne before—
The maddening pang, and the wild despair—
Both will soon be o'er.
'Tis but a few short years,
A touch of heaven's breath,
A sudden wrench, some scorching tears—
The silent pulse of death.

Could you not guess, oh, heart !
How false love's fatal bloom ;
Could you not guess this galling smart
Would be your bitter doom ?
How could you be so blind ;
How trust man's specious tale,
And wake from your transient dream to find
The flowers crushed and pale ?

Well, you have learned now
Never again to trust ;
Never to list to a lover's vow
Crushing your life to dust.

Now you have learned what faith
Dwells in the world's cold breast,
And you sigh for the soft, sweet kiss of death
To soothe your pain to rest.

It will come, oh, troubled heart!
The madd'ning sting will cease,
The fiery pain from your life depart,
And your spirit rest in peace—
Where never breath of care
Shall wake its pulseless rest;
And the burning throbs of your life's despair
Will pass from your cold breast.

'Tis but a little time
And death will snap the chain,
Then let the light of a faith sublime
Teach you to bear the pain.
Press down a cold, cold hand—
The iron hand of pride—
And crush in its frozen fingers band
Your warm life's flowing tide.

But cry no more to me,
I have no magic spell
To stay the slow monotony
Of the sad tolling knell.
Let it peal forth its doom;
Each beat will nearer bring
Your quivering life to the silent tomb,
Away from the cold world's sting.

Think not my face can wear
The clouded look of woe,
Well have I learned, oh, heart! to bear
And smile upon the blow.
A lesson hard to learn,
And won thro' heart-wrung tears;
But better such pain than the cold world's scorn,
Or a false lover's sneers.

Think you my laughing cheek
Smiles in the silent night ;
Think you no tears from my bosom break,
Dimming my eyes' gay light ?
Yes, when the song is hushed,
And the dancing feet are still,
There can the heart, so bruised and crushed,
Yield to despair's wild will.

And Hope, with her fairy wand,
Comes to weave me another dream,
As fair as the past, as bright and fond,
But I turn from its fleeting beam.
What now is the world to me ?
My heart doth no new love crave,
And soon from our woe we shall both be free
In the cool, dewy grave.

ADIEU! AND FOR EVER.

A DIEU ! and for ever ; 'tis doomed we must part,
Tho' the bitterness sever the chords of my heart ;
Tho' sundered and broken, thy name shall entwine
Thro' the strings, as a token to prove my heart thine.

My spirit believed thee, and bowed at thy shrine ;
Thou has coldly deceived me—thy heart was not mine ;
Like the sun of the morning you rose o'er my life,
And I heard not the warning of sorrow and strife.

A darkness fell o'er me, my spirit grew weak—
I saw thee before me—what words could I speak ?
Samiasa's beauty seemed fleeting to thine ;
I turned from cold duty, and bent at thy shrine.

How could I look on thee, and dream that the eye,
Beaming softly upon me, spoke a beautiful lie?
And the love smile, so tender, that flashed o'er thy cheek,
I ne'er dreamed that its splendour of falsehood could speak.

But now we are parted—the love dream is o'er—
Alone, broken-hearted, I'll see thee no more ;
The spell of thy brightness has bent to fate's doom,
And like one dark and sightless I walk thro' the gloom.

Beloved ! should I meet thee when years are gone by,
Say how shall I greet thee—wilt droop thy proud eye?
Shall the flowers that I wove thee rise fresh from the past—
Wilt thou whisper "I love thee," to bless me at last?

Adieu ! when the glory has passed from thy name,
The spell of my story shall brighten thy fame ;
Round our names shall for ever hang Poesy's bright wreath,
And the clasp shall not sever, tho' we sleep in death.

THE PATRIOT'S DEATH.

To W. P. A.

A MOTHER sat by the weeping sea,
Her cheek was wan and pale,
To her lips rose her soul's dark agony
In a bitter and heart-crush'd wail.
Her eyes were strain'd o'er the sullen wave
To a land far, far away,
Where, hid in a blood-stained felon's grave,
The boy who had lov'd her lay.

"My boy!" she cried—and her eye grew wild
Thro' its heavy mist of tears,
As she thought of her fair-browed, gallant child,
In his manhood's dawning years—

"My boy! you are laid in the silent bed,
Side by side with the felon crew,
And the strangers' ruthless feet may tread
O'er that young heart, brave and true.

"Gone! from the sunny land of your birth,
From the mother who lov'd you well,
And *she* exults with a cruel mirth
O'er our sever'd hearts' farewell ;
But a time shall come when the martyr's blood,
Now redd'ning her robber shore,
Shall be quench'd in the light of Freedom's flood,
And the day of her pride be o'er."

A maiden lay, with a white, white cheek,
On a bed of pain and woe—
Low, trembling sobs from her pale lips break,
But her tears have ceas'd to flow ;
She started once, when the sullen chime
Of the old clock struck her heart,
And a shriek for the fatal fleeting time
Pierc'd the air like a death-wing'd dart.

"Willie!" the maiden cried—no more
The trembling lips can breathe ;
She feels in her young heart's inmost core
The heavy pulse of death—
"Willie!" that poor heart cried in vain—
No strong young voice is near
To lift from the fair sweet brow the pain,
And the widow'd soul to cheer.

Kind friends stood round the mourner's bed,
And whispered soft words of cheer,
But hope from her stricken soul had fled,
Quench'd in despair's last tear.
Then hard, cold words of the dead they spoke—
His guilt, and her bitter shame—
Her soul from its trance of sorrow woke
To life when they spoke *his* name.

"He is dead!" she moan'd, and their words of hope
Fell cold on her listless ear;
She had drain'd to the dregs life's bitter cup;
Her soul saw no beauty here.
They smooth'd the tangl'd golden hair
Away from her writhing brow;
They left her to Heaven's protecting care,
For they cannot save her now.

A proud youth stood 'neath the scaffold's gloom,
And clear was his bright dark eye—
He read in each face his early doom,
But felt no fear to die;
His soul was strong with a steady faith,
His heart was firm and brave,
He had gallantly brav'd a felon's death,
A brother's life to save.

He thought with a sudden throb of pain
Of his mother's fallen pride;
His cheek grew dark with a crimson stain,
When he thought of his dying bride;
But the pang soon pass'd, and his soul awoke,
And smil'd in the face of death;
He bow'd his head to the fatal stroke,
And won the martyr's wreath.

We dare not speak of the martyr'd dead,
Our fetters are sure and strong;
We dare not stay by the maiden's bed,
And tell of her grief in song;
We dare not pity the mother's woe,
Our tears must fall unseen;
Our pray'rs be breathed faint and low;
Our hearts wear a careless sheen.

But a day shall come when the sleeping lyre
Can bound from its trance of woe,
And accents of heaven-pealing fire
From its freedom-touch'd chords shall flow;

When the blood now damping the trampled sod
 Shall dry in the fiery glare
 Of vengeance, direct from the hand of God,
 Withering each traitor there.

When the fawning slave and despot proud
 Shall shrink from the tramp of MEN,
 And the lightning, hid in the frowning cloud,
 Shall sparkle in anger then ;
 When the chains that clank on the martyr's ear
 Shall snap in its fiery ray,
 And our mother shall rise from her thralldom drear,
 And smile in the face of day.

A S O N G .

A WEARY lot is mine, my love,
 A weary lot is mine,
 To clasp the raven for the dove,
 And trust a love like thine.
 A gladsome laugh, a gay dark eye,
 A coat of scarlet hue,
 A lip well formed to vow and sigh,
 No more of thee I knew,
 My love,
 No more of thee I knew.

I met thee when the morning sun
 Stood on the Galtee's crest,
 And when he lay, his bright course run,
 Upon the ocean's breast ;
 And when the moonbeam's silver hand
 Came thro' the twilight blue,
 I met thee on the yellow strand,
 But no more of thee I knew,
 My love,
 No more of thee I knew.

I met thee where the glowing swell
Of music filled the air,
And when the soft entrancing spell
Of mirth and love was there ;
Where young eyes sparkled, bright and gay,
And hearts seemed warm and true ;
We met 'mid pleasures glittering ray,
But no more of thee I knew,
My love,
No more of thee I knew.

I heard, with wondering heart, my love,
The silvery words you spoke,
As tho' from heaven's choirs above,
Seraphic music broke ;
I only felt the words were sweet,
Nor dreamed they'd prove untrue,
Nor thought thy heart could falsely beat,
For no more of thee I knew,
My love,
No more of thee I knew.

I loved thee for the sunny light
That shone around thy brow,
I loved thee for thine eye so bright,
And thy sweet smiles' tender glow ;
I rashly thought the heart beneath
Must wear the same bright hue,
Nor dreamed that gems oft deck grim death,
For no more of thee I knew,
My love,
No more of thee I knew.

Too soon the bitter truth was known ;
Too soon the shaft was sent ;
My idol from its shrine is thrown—
That shrine is fallen and rent.

No more my heart can feel love's beam,
There's poison at the core ;
I weep above a buried dream,
So adieu for evermore,
My love,
So adieu for evermore.

THE FAREWELL.

FAREWELL !—oh ! be still, poor breaking heart !
Nor tell of thy aching pain,
Nor speak of the poison'd arrow's dart,
Nor the comfort wooed in vain.
Be still ! there is none to hear your cry,
No smile to brighten your tear ;
You meet but the world's unmoving eye ;
You see but its careless sneer.

Farewell !—oh, God ! o'er the warm young soul
That word, like a funeral knell,
In mournful accents seems to roll,
And of buried love to tell.
Fair hope grows pale when that sound is heard,
Young gladness hides her ray,
And the withering blight of that awful word
Flings gloom o'er the brow of day.

Dark, dark o'er my soul hangs its fearful gloom,
No glimmer of hope is there,
And nothing can brighten the black, black doom,
Of that dull, cold word—despair.
Crush'd, crush'd are the flow'rs that wreath'd my love—
Cold, cold is my young heart now,
Nor joy below, nor hope above,
Can brighten my smileless brow.

Farewell ! oh, farewell ! and never more
Shall I gaze on that deep blue eye,
Where smiles, like the sun of a southern shore,
Seem'd to melt in its azure dye.
No more shall my heart with rapture thrill
When that glance is bent on me,
And then with the tide of its joy grow still
In silent ecstasy.

He is not gone ; oh ! 'twas but a dream,
Else why is the day so bright ?
Why shines the sun with that radiant beam ?
Why sparkles the flow'rets bright ?
And why doth the Suir's silver tide
Sing those love-songs, sweet and fair,
While lonely and sad by its sunny side
My heart is the home of despair ?

Ah, he is gone !—sun, your smile is vain
To brighten my lonely heart !
The Suir's song cannot soothe my pain,
Nor the flow'rs their joy impart ;
For another sound, with the wavelets' song,
From its fair breast seems to swell—
'Tis borne by the sun and the breeze along,
Till it sinks in a wild farewell.

Farewell ! oh, farewell ! and never more
Must that word to my lips arise,
Like the false, false fruit of the Dead Sea shore
Love glitter'd before my eyes ;
But scarce o'er my life its light was flung,
When its faithless beauty fell,
And its funeral dirge by my heart was sung,
In a long, long, wild farewell.

H O M E .

DEAR home of my childhood ! what sweet spells sur-
 round thee,
 What beautiful visions are twin'd round thy name !
 Tho' friends might grow careless, unchang'd still I found
 thee,
 Thy smile still the brightest, thy greeting the same.
 When the fierce tide of passion swept over my bosom,
 And I sigh'd for the beauty that never could come,
 My hot heart was cool'd by Affection's sweet blossom,
 And my spirit found rest 'mid the bright joys of home.

I've moved with bright eyes thro' the gay throng of pleasure;
 I've swept thro' the dance in the festival hall ;
 But knew that beyond all those lights was a treasure—
 Ah ! sweeter, and purer, and dearer than all.
 'Tis true all around me was gladness and brightness,
 And hearts seem'd as light as the ocean toss'd foam ;
 Gay music wav'd round me with fairy-like lightness,
 But my heart only beat to the music of home.

I listen'd to love-vows, entrancingly tender,
 I drank in the light of a beautiful smile,
 I saw my heart lit by the passionate splendour
 Of love, never shadow'd by falsehood or guile ;
 I gaz'd upon eyes like the night star's bright flashes
 At eve in the glen where the blue streamlets roam,
 But knew when my love-dream had crumb'l'd to ashes,
 That no eyes were as true as the soft eyes at home.

I've drain'd to the dregs the deep measure of sorrow,
 I've banished each feeling of gladness and youth,
 And strove from the gay world new pleasures to borrow,
 But it laugh'd at my pleadings for brightness and truth.

What joy could I find in its cold round of pleasure?
What hope from its fount to my sad heart could come?
I turn'd with a sigh from its cold bitter measure,
And found all I sought in the true hearts at home.

I lov'd, with the love of life's beautiful morning,
As pure as the dew on the breast of the flow'r;
I drank in the sunshine, unheeding the warning
That death and despair lay conceal'd in its power.
I was lov'd, with a love one wild dream of splendour,
As fierce as the lightning, as pure as the foam—
When the bright spell was broke, a blossom more tender
I found in the love of the fond ones at home.

'Tis true never more my cold spirit shall brighten,
No fond whisper ever one glad ray impart;
No more the bright sunshine of passion can lighten
The deep gloom that hangs like a pall o'er my heart;
'Tis true that the smile, which once flash'd with a glory
As sweet as the light gilding heaven's blue dome,
Has faded for aye from my heart's clouded story—
Still, still I have left me the kind smiles of home.

Away with thy whispers of gladness and pleasure;
Away with thy love-vows—what joys can they bring
To a heart that has drank of despair's galling measure
Till its cold waves have drown'd even mem'ry's fierce
sting?
Nay, ask not for love—not the tiniest blossom
Can ever again to my cold spirit come—
No love-pulse shall ever awake in my bosom,
Save that which now thrills for the dear ones at home.

Give me rest, give me rest—let me bury for ever
Ev'ry dream of the past—every pulse of my heart;
Let me bury them deep, where their shadows can never
To darken my life-path their wild gloom impart.

Give me rest, give me rest from joy and from sorrow ;
Let me loveless and cold thro' this bright world roam ;
I wish not for love, save the love I can borrow
From the true hearts that beat in my childhood's old home.

AN IRISH CHILD TO HER MOTHER.

MOTHER, 'tis death to love thee now,
For sorrow's cloud hangs o'er thee;
Sharp, prickly thorns pierce thy brow,
And pain and gloom surround thee ;
But still thy child will cling to thee,
Tho' every tie they'd sever,
And should the dungeon ope for me,
Mother, I'll love thee ever.

Mother, thy sons are false, they say,
And strive not for thy glory ;
But soon shall dawn a brighter day,
And soon a glorious story.
But whether weal or woe be thine,
Mother, I'll still be true ;
The woes which round thy spirit twine,
Shall pierce my bosom too.

Mother, thy heart is still my home,
Thine arms my place of rest ;
Oh ! never, never let me roam
From such a mother's breast.
Thine other children fly thy shore,
From famine's scorching breath,
But I will love thee more and more,
And cling to thee till death.

Mother, across the foaming sea
There is a glorious land—
The homestead of the brave and free,
The gallant and the grand;
There's wealth for all who seek, they say,
No plague or famine *there*,
But what tho' glories round *it* play,
My mother, *thou art here!*

I cannot wield the flashing sword,
My arm is frail and weak;
I cannot breathe the burning word
Thy gifted children speak.
Oh! I have but a faithful heart,
A spirit proud and free,
Strengthen'd by sorrow's bitter dart,
To offer unto thee.

For thee I'd cloud my fairest hope,
And wear the tear-stain'd brow;
For thee I'd drain the bitter cup
Of misery and woe;
And ask but then to lay me here,
Within thine arms to rest,
And sometimes drop a silent tear,
To soothe thine aching breast.

Oh! fold me in the fetter'd arms,
Where I have lov'd to stay,
Unheeding of the gay world's charms,
And fortune's glittering ray,
And when shall plenty round thee flow,
And blot the bitter past,
Remember in thy happy glow,
I lov'd thee to the last.

MY LOVE.

HOW bright were the hopes swelling high in my bosom,
How radiant the dreams that my young fancy wove,
As pure as the dew on the fair infant blossom,
And soft as the first gushing whispers of love ;
In the breath of the west-wind, so meltingly tender,
In the smile of day's-god, from his golden-drap'd throne,
In the moonbeam's soft ray, in the lightning's red splendour,
I saw thee, and felt thee, my dearest, my own !

I look'd, with rapt soul, on the haughty-brow'd mountain,
And thought of thy spirit so dauntless and high ;
I gaz'd in the depths of the clear, limpid fountain,
And saw in its blue waves the flash of thine eye.
Thou wert my star of hope when my stricken soul sorrowed,
Every beauty of earth, every charm of sea,
To place at the feet of my idol I borrowed—
And the idol so cherish'd, 'twas thee, love, 'twas thee !

I saw the arch sunlight its witcheries flinging
Across the pale brow of the pure, limpid stream,
Which back to its glories strange love-songs was singing,
Till my soul seem'd to share in its mystical dream ;
So thy voice and thy smile seem'd to blend the sweet glory
Of sunlight and stream in one beautiful chain,
And I wonder no more why my heart tells its story
Of love, or why feels it this dull, aching pain.

I heard the loud thunder voice peal thro' high heaven,
Till its pillars of gold seem'd to reel 'neath the blow,
And flames of swift fire thro' its blue vaults was driven,
Till they burst in the splendours of lightning below ;
And so my poor heart, in its peace blooming sweetly,
Till the thunders of passion awoke it in ire,
Till the lightnings of love leap'd up from it fleetly,
And swept o'er my spirit in billows of fire.

Oh ! how high my bosom swelleth
With the mingled grief and pride,
As I see each young heart yielding
Up for thee its life's red tide.
Oh ! who would not sleep with Crowley,
In the soldier's crimson grave,
Than live with forehead burning
'Neath the impress of a slave.

Ah ! how purely they have struggled—
Not one deed of shame or wrong
Stain the weapons which some minstrel
Yet may twine with wreaths of song ;
And tho' stunn'd, and reeling backward
From the foeman's ruthless blow,
Not one lance was stain'd with murder
Of a weak or helpless foe.

And yet those whose names are vaunted
Thro' the cities of the earth—
Those who say beneath their banners
Truth and freedom had their birth ;
Sad Dungarvan tells, with finger
Pointing to yon lonely graves,
How those *noble* English soldiers
Treated *helpless* Irish slaves.

Ah, poor land !—well may the shadow
Darken deeply on thy brow ;
Well may Hope's ecstatic whispers
Die within thy bosom now !
Raise your eyes again, poor mother !
See yon brave young soldier stand
On the scaffold, and his life-blood
Stain the ruthless Saxon's hand.

But no more—ev'n my weak arm
Falls beneath the heavy chain,
And my weeping lyre is broken
'Neath its load of grief and pain ;

Yet, again its tuneful numbers
May peal forth in joy and pride,
When the chords, now crush'd and broken,
Are by Vict'ry fingers tied.

LAMENT OF ELLEN O'DONNELL.

L IFELESS and cold,
At the foot of the stranger,
Lies that heart, brave and bold,
That never trembled at danger.
Silent the tongue—
Oh! so proud, yet endearing,
When in battle it rung
With the charge for green Erin.

Clos'd are thine eyes—
Like the lightning's fierce flashes
Thro' the dark midnight skies,
Like the gloom of thy lashes—
Oh! oft has the foe
Of the house of Clan Conail
Fled the death-laden glow
In the eyes of O'Donnell.

Damp is thy brow,
Where the high seal of glory,
Gemm'd with Liberty's glow,
Told thy life's blameless story;
How bright o'er its snow
Swept the red flash of anger,
When came news that the foe
Than our clansmen were stronger.

Oh! fleet was thy foot
On the heath-mantl'd mountain,
As the sunbeams that shoot
O'er the sunny-brow'd fountain ;
As the red deer's swift spring
O'er the *Cean na bhan's* pillow,
Or the storm-monarch's wing
On the tempest-toss'd billow.

But now thou art gone !
And the light of thy glory
In anguish has flown
From thy shroud, red and gory ;
No clansmen are near,
Not a shout for Clan Conail
Is heard o'er the bier
Of the Prince of O'Donnell.

Lonely you sleep
On the cold-bosom'd mountain,
Beside you I weep
Forth my woe's bitter fountain ;
Round stand the foes,
So haughtily scorning ;
Over us glows
The chill whiteness of morning.

Life of my soul,
Thou art gone, and for ever !
Thou hast reach'd the bright goal
Where all earth ties must sever.
Never more, never more
Shall I feel thy caresses,
Nor thy love vows be sworn
By the gold of my tresses.

Gone! oh, my God!
Take me hence from this sorrow,
Or this dark crimson sod
Shall be redder to-morrow.

Sad, sad was the doom
Of the Bride of Clan Cuilen,
But darker the gloom
Around Ellen O'Donnell.

Oh! if a curse
Could but doom thee, black stranger ;
Could heart wishes fierce
Fill thy footsteps with danger ;
Could my soul's burning strife
Be but seen on my forehead,
Then, then would thy life
And thy death-bed be horrid.

Look where he stands—
How his eyes beam to greet me ;
See his stretch'd hands—
Love, I hasten to meet thee!
Soon I shall sleep
With my love of Clan Conail,
And angels will weep
O'er the fate of O'Donnell.

Back from his corse !
Do not touch him, base stranger,
Lest God's judgment fierce
Send a direful avenger,
To drive yon base throngs
From the land that he bled for,
And wipe out such wrongs
As those black tears are shed for.

Hot is the air,
And my poor brain is burning—
God, and my pray'r
Yon dark villain is spurning.
You dare not !—no, no—
Shame the House of Clan Conail—
Ah! my heart's final throe,
I am thine now, O'Donnell !

TO NELLIE.

MY gentle friend, my trusted friend—
God give you joy and peace ;
May the love you prize so tenderly
Never waver, never cease.
There's gladness in your heart to-night,
There's rapture on your brow—
God keep your life-path always sweet,
And shadowless as now.

The firelight glow is on your hair,
And flutters o'er your cheek ;
It warms the rosy blushes
Which across your forehead break ;
It plays across your smiling lips,
And in your laughing eye
You see no care or sorrow now—
He, the well-loved one, is nigh.

I watched you from the shadow,
And I smiled the hours away ;
None could read upon my features
That my heart was pulseless clay ;
I watched his dark eyes beaming
On your young and lovely face,
Drinking, with a wistful yearning,
In each sweet, unconscious grace.

You were happy then, my darling !
For you knew he loved you well ;
For his eyes spoke more of passion
Than the lips can ever tell ;
For your youth and graceful beauty
I could read his tender pride,
And I know he soon will claim you
For his gentle, trusting bride.

Ah ! how old I felt that even,
As I watched your glowing eyes,
As I marked his tender glances,
And choked back the heavy sighs ;
Yet I bore my burden bravely,
And my face was gay and bright—
Did they guess how cold and cheerless
Was my heart that festive night ?

I was happy once, and careless,
My thoughts were sweet and gay,
My heart was pure and stainless
As the snowy buds of May ;
I had trust in human goodness—
I believed in love and faith,
Till the shadow fell upon me,
Blasting all with poisoned breath.

Once I loved, sweet friend, and trusted—
Not the peaceful love you bear—
But a wild, unreasoning worship,
Which has brought me back despair.
'Twas a wildering dream of beauty,
And I yielded to the spell ;
I have paid the bitter measure—
They must pay who love too well.

Oh ! those dreams, those dreams of madness,
If I only could forget—
Only crush this aching feeling
Of remorse and vain regret.
But I shall not now reproach him
With the sin and guilt of yore ;
Should the lips he loved upbraid him,
Tho' he ne'er shall see them more ?

I was young, and life shone sweetly—
He was skilled in worldly art ;
Little marvel that his beauty
Won my young, enthusiast heart.

At his feet I knelt and worshipped
In the dreamy, fleeting Past—
God of Mercy! God of Pity!
Do such visions ever last?

Ah! my dream was frail and fleeting—
He was false, and I was proud—
In the winter gloom we parted,
When the earth lay in her shroud;
For a fairer bride he left me,
And he broke his plighted vow;
He was handsome then, and flattered—
He is cold and lifeless now.

But I know he never loved her—
She was wedded for her gold,
And despite her starry beauty,
He was passionless and cold.
Well I know the heart he gave me
Loved me to the very last;
They have called him wild and sinful,
But his follies now are past.

Well I knew his guilt and madness,
Well I knew his sin and crime,
But I pardoned all his weakness,
Trusting on, thro' grief and time;
Many called him false and faithless,
I at least can faithful be,
Let some heart that loved less dearly
Brand his name—he loved but me.

When we meet in yonder heaven,
Who will claim his plighted oath?
Thou, O God! are just and truthful;
Thou wilt judge the claim of both.
Her for sordid gold he wedded,
But he gave his heart to me;
Haughty friends can gain her justice;
I shall leave my cause to Thee.

She can speak her sorrow loudly,
Loving friends are by to cheer—
I can only kneel and whisper
All my woe in God's kind ear ;
She in widowed garb bemoans him,
Smiles when others call him brave—
I can only pray in spirit
By my soldier-hero's grave.

But, my darling, you will never
Know a sorrow like to mine,
Flowers of promise, rich and glowing,
Round your pathway sweetly twine.
You have won a heart to love you,
Brave and faithful, fond and true,
Gold and pow'r can ne'er allure him—
Every life-pulse beats for you.

I shall twine the snowy blossoms
Thro' your dark and silken hair,
And my smile shall be the brightest,
Tho' my heart be wrung with care ;
I shall pray with tears to heaven,
That your life be bright with bliss,
That your beauty ne'er may wither
'Neath a sorrow like to this.

Heaven shield your life, my darling,
May your sunny hopes prove true ;
May life's brightest, fairest blossoms
Bloom in joy and peace for you ;
May his love be true and tender ;
May the holy glow of faith
Ever sweetly shine around you,
Strong and fearless unto death.

Sometimes, when you life is gayest,
And your heart from care most free,
Breathe unto the God of Heaven
One kind prayer for him and me.

If we erred, our fault was loving
 When they called it sin to love ;
 But I know there's peace and pardon
 For our souls with God above.

A FAREWELL.

FAREWELL to thee, my beautiful !—a long, a sad
 farewell ;
 The anguish of a dying heart what pen can ever tell ?
 In the midnight gloom I'm kneeling, and I wail with dreary
 moan
 A requiem o'er the sunny dream that's faded now and gone.
 My beautiful ! my beautiful !—I thought the dream would
 last ;
 I could not think that aught so fond must perish in the blast ;
 I thought the smile of heaven must fall on aught so fair and
 pure,
 As those flowers which saw the light of love, beside the sunny
 Suir.

The golden brown of autumn hung on lea, and dell, and
 glade,
 The sun-god's gleaming lances thro' the singing branches
 played ;
 A chastened, holy brightness shone o'er earth, and sky, and
 sea,
 When thine eyes of flashing blackness first were kindly bent
 on me.
 My beautiful ! my beautiful !—why wert thine eyes so bright ?
 Why didst thou flash upon my life their full unclouded
 light ?
 Why didst thou use their witching spell to dazzle and allure
 My soul from quiet peacefulness, beside my native Suir ?

I gave thee all I had to give—a heart that knew no guile,
Whose every dream of earthly bliss was centred in thy smile;
When sorrow fell upon my life, I raised my eyes to thine,
And their brightness made the darkest cloud like heaven's
sunlight shine.

My beautiful ! my beautiful ! how could I dream that thou
Beneath a careless falsehood thy regal head could bow ?
I thought my heart within thy breast lay tranquil and secure,
And dreamed in sunny idleness, beside the laughing Suir.

For thee I wove the fairest flowers that blushed beneath the
sun,
While fresh upon each silken leaf the smiling dewdrop shone;
I brought the rose before its bloom glowed forth in beauty's
prime,
The lily ere its spotless buds were mellowed by rude time.
My beautiful ! my beautiful !—the wreath I wove was sweet,
And with happy heart I knelt and laid the tribute at thy
feet.
Thou'lt never find a flower so sweet, nor meet a spirit truer
Than those I offered at thy shrine, beside the winding
Suir.

I tuned for thee, with willing hands, my wild, unfettered lyre,
And taught its swelling strings to sing of love's entrancing
fire;
Where once the laurel crown had hung I twined the glowing
rose,
Fresh bathed in the purest springs that from love's fountain
flows.
My beautiful ! my beautiful !—'mid Fashion's gaudy throng
Thou'lt never meet a deeper love, nor list a sweeter song ;
Thou'lt never find in Pleasure's halls a heart so fond and
pure,
As that which owned thy royal sway, beside the singing Suir.

But now the fairy spell is broke—the cold, sad doom is said,
The heart whose every pulse was fire is silent now and dead ;

And never more I'll touch my lute, while sitting at thy feet,
Nor thro' its throbbing chords entwine the roses fresh and
sweet.

My beautiful ! my beautiful !—thou'lt smile on me no more ;
The words are said, and we must part—my sunny dream is
o'er ;

Those tender words my lonely heart shall ne'er again allure ;
I've said adieu to thee, dear one, and to my native Suir.

My heart is very lonely now—I'm in the world alone ;
Affection's smile, and Love's sweet dream, and Friendship's
clasp are gone ;

There's nothing left of all the dreams my youthful fancy
wove ;

There's nothing left of all the spells that decked my wasted
love.

My beautiful ! my beautiful ! why wert thy words so sweet ?
Why didst thou catch my beating heart, and chain it to thy
feet ?

The joys that blessed my life were few, but thou hast made
them fewer ;

Thou'st chased the gladness from my heart, the brightness
from the Suir.

I care not on what reckless waves my future life shall float ;
I reck not if the rocks shall pierce the frail, unaided boat ;
High, mountains high, the waves may toss—let tempests rage
and roar ;

I've pushed the last frail plank aside, and left the peaceful
shore.

My beautiful ! my beautiful !—thy hand has snapped the
chain

Which held to me those treasured scenes I ne'er may see
again—

Away with all those visions bright, those fancies gay and
pure ;

Away with that wild dream of love I dreamed beside the
Suir.

Thou didst not know my wayward heart, its passion and its
pride ;
Thou didst not know the reckless fire which swelled its flow-
ing tide ;
Thou deem'dst me but a timid dove, to fold my wings and
die—
My soul is like the eagle, proud, passionate and high.
My beautiful ! my beautiful !—I love you now as then,
Tho' every pulse within my breast is quivering with its pain ;
Yet if you knelt before me now, with love-vows fond and
pure,
I'd place my foot upon thy neck, beside the mocking Suir.

No, no ; I've but one idol now—Ambition thou art mine ;
I'll place thee 'mid the withered flowers that decked another
shrine,
And if I cannot sing again the songs of happier days,
I'll strike the fiery chords of Fame, and Glory's thrilling lays.
My beautiful ! my beautiful !—one chord alone is still ;
Ah, we may force the trembling hand, we cannot chain the
will—
One chord alone is silent now, untempted to allure—
The chord thy careless fingers struck, beside the winding Suir.

Thou'lt miss me not when I am gone, thou wilt not droop
thine eye,
And never to thy cold, proud lip will rise the unbidden sigh ;
Thou'lt care not for my wasted life, thou'lt treasure not my
love,
And 'neath thy reckless feet thou'lt crush the dewy wreaths
I wove.
My beautiful ! my beautiful !—when others speak my name,
Within thy breast for me will glow no kind, forgiving flame ;
But thou wilt find where'er thou goest there beats no bosom
truer
Than that which bounded at thy smile, beside the tranquil
Suir.

And wilt thou look in other eyes when I am far away?
 And wilt thou wear the same sweet smile, half tender and
 half gay?
 And when the solemn twilight falls on earth, and sky, and
 sea,
 Wilt breathe in other ears the words you whispered once to me?
 My beautiful ! my beautiful !—thou mayest woo with sighs,
 But hide, oh ! hide the starry light that flashes in thine eyes—
 But for their midnight brightness my heart was still secure
 In its gay, untrampled freshness, beside the peaceful Suir.

Let others bring the gaudy rose, and pin it on thy breast,
 'Mid Fashion's halls 'twill proudly flaunt its glowing crimson
 crest,
 Or if thou wilt the violet wild, or daisy fair and sweet,
 They will bloom in timid meekness beneath thy royal feet.
 My beautiful ! my beautiful !—I had but one fair flower—
 'Twas pure, and pale, and passionful, and knew no blushing
 power;
 With timid hands I offered thee the lily, pale and pure,
 And thou darken'dst all its whiteness beside the wailing Suir.

But go, forget me—it is best ; I would not have my name
 Call up a shadow to thy brow, nor thrill thy heart with shame ;
 I would not that one sad regret should stir thy soul for me ;
 With reckless heart I go alone upon the world's wide sea.
 My beautiful ! my beautiful !—'mid Pleasure's giddy throng
 Thou yet mayest hear some gentle voice repeat my simple
 song—
 Oh ! let that song to by-gone days thy careless heart allure
 To the flower that faded 'neath thy frown, beside the moaning
 Suir.

Farewell !—a long farewell to thee, my beautiful, my own !
 I cannot think that all I loved, that all I prized is gone ;
 And must I never see thee more, nor breathe thy name so
 blest?—
 Thy name, which lives in every vein that pulses thro' my
 breast.

My beautiful ! my beautiful !—Fate's signet is not set
Upon our lives, my burning heart tells I shall meet thee yet—
We'll meet again on some bright day, as happy and as pure
As that glowing autumn evening, in the dell, beside the Suir.

I AM WATCHING FOR THEE.

I AM watching for thee, when the morning is shining,
And bright dew-drops hide in the gentle flow'rs breast;
I am watching for thee, when the young sun is twining
His golden-ting'd crown on the mountain's blue crest.
Thine eye seems the dew-drop, so meltingly tender,
Gleaming out from the heather's soft fringes of brown,
And bright as the day-god's proud flashes of splendour
It circles my soul like a heaven-gilt crown.

I am watching for thee, when the noontide's red glory
Flings over the earth its broad banner of light,
When each bright fold is flushed with the proud swelling story
It bears from the blue-curtain'd palace of Night.
How oft, when my spirit was darken'd with sorrow,
Like the sunlight, I saw the lov'd smile on thy brow,
My heart from its radiance new glory would borrow,
And new life in my bosom exultantly glow.

I am watching for thee, when the grey cloak of even
In shadowy beauty hangs over the earth,
When the golden crown falls from the pale brow of heaven,
And the vesper-hymn hushes the day's gushing mirth.
Like the ev'ning star tinging the crest of the billow,
Like the last flick'ring light in the crimson-rob'd west,
When the day-king's tir'd head seeks his golden-fringed pillow,
Thou'rt the star of my life and the light of my breast.

I am watching for thee, when the night veil'd in splendour,
Has seal'd with her dark hand the sad doom of day ;
When the pale stars cling round her with love whispers tender,
And the soft waves their passion-son;s soothingly play.
Like the gloom of the night gleams the flash of thine anger,
But soft as the star steals the smile o'er thy brow,
For the beauty and truth in thy bosom are stronger
Than the dark frown of hate and fierce passion's red glow.

I am watching for thee, thro' gladness and sorrow,
With a love that grows bright 'neath the gloom of despair,
That heeds not the frown on the brow of the morrow,
But trusts that the even be hopeful and fair.
And I'll watch, love, for thee, thro' the gold gates of heaven,
When Eternity's wing sets my chain'd spirit free,
In that home where despair dies, and gladness is given
To hearts that have watch'd, love, and waited like me.

WEALTH AND WORTH.

YE tell me that my smile is gay ;
Ye thoughtless ones do ye not know
How 'neath the bright sun's glowing ray
May lie unmov'd the glacier snow ?
And so the frozen heart may lie
Unmov'd and calm, and seem at rest,
Tho' smiles may light the dancing eye,
And laughter swell the glowing breast.

Ye ask me sing an olden song,
Well listen to my heart's sad lay ;
I'll tell a tale of grief and wrong
Which turn'd a bright young heart to clay ;
Which caus'd a proud and gifted soul
To fly the flow'r-strewn path of fame ;
To leave ungain'd the certain goal—
Scarce heard her song, scarce known her name.

Ah! still I see that broad fair brow,
The clustering waves of light brown hair,
The warm cheek's soft, impassion'd glow,
The blue eyes beaming bright and fair.
How gayly rang her clear young voice,
When first she felt Fame's joyous ray,
And saw the world's cold heart rejoice
When touch'd with her impassion'd lay.

The blushing veil of girlhood still
Hung mildly o'er her young, bright brow,
When, like the sun on mountain rill,
Her soul first felt Love's dazzling glow.
And Worth was all the spells he tried
To win the gifted maiden's heart,
She lov'd him for the honest pride
That scorn'd each false, unworthy art.

But soon the world's cold dictum broke
Discordant on their dream of joy;
How dar'd he look so high, it spoke,
And spurn'd him forth—presumptuous boy!
How dar'd he strive to grasp the gem,
Destin'd to shine in Wealth's proud halls,
To blaze in Fortune's diadem,
And proudly sweep thro' Fashion's walls!

He went, and Wealth usurp'd the place
Where Worth had once so bravely stood;
How joyless grew the lady's face,
And faded all the rich, bright flood
Of hope;—no more the light of Fame
Around her wav'd its glowing brand;
She sadly bent to Wealth's proud name,
And wed him with her loveless hand.

But never more the world shall hear
Her happy song of love and hope;
Lonely she sits from year to year,
And meekly drains the poison'd cup

Of Wealth, for which her fresh young soul
Was barter'd by a parent's pride ;
He thought Wealth was the happiest goal—
And gold could never deck Worth's bride.

Now ye have heard the bitter tale,
What think ye of my smile of light ?
Ah, me! there is a heart-sad wail
Within my breast from morn till night.
My name might once have gemm'd the roll
Of Genius, with a lustre proud,
Had not the sunbeams of my soul
Been buried in Wealth's golden cloud.

Had but the young immersion'd pride
Of Worth's proud soul been there to cheer—
To teach me how to stem the tide
Of life, and breast its billows drear ;
But sordid Wealth my only stay,
Pleasure and ease where e'er I turn'd,
Its hollow gleam my only ray—
Ah! Pride and Fame and Hope were spurn'd.

What more? I saw Worth slowly tread
Life's ladder with a sure proud step ;
The world applause around him spread,
And Fortune guided ev'ry leap.
No more, no more—oh! ask no more—
I dare not sing my heart's sad lay ;
Go learn to tread the pure, bright shore
Of Worth, nor thirst for Wealth's dull clay.

FAREWELL TO MY LYRE.

METHINKS, poor Lyre, you're weary and would rest ;
You've got but scanty tribute for your numbers ;
The scorpion's tongue upon your strings is pressed,
Its poisons may disturb your quiet slumbers.
Too long you've strained your every nerve to breast
The scathing censure of those meddling grumblers,
Who will not add one chaplet to your store
Unless your years have numbered full two score.

In bygone days I sang the Patriot's fate,
But Fashion said those strings were out of tune,
Made jarring by the closing prison gate,
Which snatched young lives from out the world too soon ;
And sympathizing friends oft bade me wait,
Or write some plaintive sonnet to the moon ;
I was too young to strike a chord so loud,
And my first poet-dream lay in its shroud.

Since then my heart has grown a little hard,
I do not feel that patriotic pity
Which stirred my soul before its doors were barred
Against such hopes—I have not sung the ditty
Of rapture to the moon ; the first rhymes jarred
Upon mine ears, although they called them pretty ;
But 'twas no use—a moonlight inspiration
To verse or love is but of short duration.

I next essayed another kind of theme :
This time 'twas all of war, and blood, and glory ;
A rather wild, disjointed sort of dream,
Beset with awful shapes and phantoms gory ;
The thund'ring gun, the sabre's deadly gleam,
The war-worn banners, tattered, stained and hoary ;
But, as I plunged into the battle's heat,
The Critic's trumpet sounded a retreat.

It seems I made one terrible *faux pas* :

My generals were always young and careless,
And that's forbid by every martial law—

'Tis true I made them dashing, brave and fearless—
But to conduct a campaign with *eclat*,

A leader must be hoary-haired and cheerless ;
"Forlorn hopes" before their frowns yield up,
So I gave up that theme as a forlorn hope.

Since then I've sang of rivers, glens and groves,

Of hoary hills and shady woodland places ;
Of mortals and immortals, hates and loves,
Of floating curls, sweet smiles, and pretty faces ;
Of flirts and saints, of eagles and of doves,

Of man's high soul, of woman's gentle graces,
But with a courage that was truly stoic,
I've kept away from all that looked heroic.

Some ladies of a "certain age" have said my strain

Was not a bit too holy nor too saintly,
That I was far too partial to love's pain,
And sang the praise of virtue rather faintly.
Methinks that censure's harsh, and now would fain
Remove just cause for that complaint ; I
Know my heroes were not strictly righteous,
But then their faults were not enough to fright us.

One day, alas ! for me an evil hour,

I sang of love, but not that pure Platonic
Feeling which, like the soft dew's tender shower,
Cools the hot heart like a reviving tonic.

The love I sang was a rare tropic flower,
Not praised with changeless cheek and tone laconic,
But sounding best beside the broad, blue sea,
Where the young heart beats turbulent and free.

'Tis true, with rigid justice I laid bare

The lovers' faults, and punished them severely ;
Morality's keen lash I did not spare,
And told 'twas very wrong to love too dearly.

And then I deftly sketched, with tenderest care,
Their final doom, and had very nearly
Escaped the Critic's whip, but that the curtain
Was lifted by those ladies so uncertain.

I know they acted from a kindly heart,
They thought my imagination was too warm ;
A little cooling potion—a slight smart—
Would do my fervid fancy no great harm ;
But if I was permitted to impart
Such stories to the world, the subtle charm
Which gilds a poet's words would surely din
Virtue to sleep, and lend new spells to sin.

'Twas kindly meant, but not too kindly done ;
The weather cold, the season dull December,
They shut away the flickering rays of sun
Which pierced the clouds ; the rain-drops, I remember,
Fell thick, and fast, and heavy, one by one,
Upon my soul, as if each glowing ember
From my hot heart must be obliterated,
And my unholy judgment well berated.

With virtuous haste they kindly strove to cure me,
And placed me shivering 'neath a storm of snow ;
They called it beautiful, but could not allure me
To praise its chilling smile and dreary glow.
With well-forged bonds they ventured to secure me,
Until a purer train of thought should flow
From my hot heart, and I should meekly say
I sorrowed for the sin of yesterday.

Alas ! upon my stubborn heart the storm
Of snow, so beautiful, was thrown astray ;
The fire within my bosom was too warm ;
The puny snow-flakes melted quite away.
Methinks it was a weak and futile arm—
Snow against fire—I watched the childish play
With careless smile ; I knew who held the power,
And let them hug the triumph of an hour.

I listened with demure and downcast face
Unto the pious, virtuous exhortation,
To yield to others, with a saintly grace,
The gems I wore; to seek a lowlier station,
Where, with an humbler spirit, I might trace
A song of love, of hate, or adoration,
Or sin—it mattered not—if 'twere too low
To reach the world's cold heart and make it glow.

Alas! the holy work was sadly wasted :
Humility and I am far apart ;
Ambition's burning waters I have tasted ;
Despair and fear are strangers to my heart ;
On Adulation I have deeply feasted,
And will not yield to an uncertain dart ;
Unless my song possessed some little merit
'Twould not have gained for me so much discredit.

I am not vain, but when great men descend
From off their lofty pedestals of state
A youthful bard of no great fame to rend,
Such notice surely must one's heart inflate
With pride, and we no more in terror bend
To our loftier brethren ; we're fav'rites now of Fate,
For when one critic condescends to snub us,
Another, kin to the Laureate, will dub us.

The world is nought to me—let it rail on ;
There is a mocking spirit in my breast,
Which gloats upon the censure I have won,
Which cannot be subdued and will not rest.
I like the din of war, the deaf'ning gun,
The sabre waving o'er the warrior's crest ;
I ask no quarter and none will I give,
I'll keep what I have won or cease to live.

You've seen the wild waves lashing on the shore,
Beating against the rocks with harmless rage,
Foaming with useless fury, brimming o'er
With wrath ; oh ! futile hope, to wage

War on a foe that fears not blow, nor roar ;
That looking on, with brow serene and sage,
Bares its calm breast to meet the furious blow,
Then darkly smiles upon the baffled foe.

Such is my heart: it feels not praise nor blame ;
But, gentle critic, do not seize your pen ;
I do not mean that consciousness of fame
Makes me indifferent ; yet, you blunder when
You think the barren honour of a name
So dear to me—I may think more in ten
Or twenty years hence of your kindly favour,
But youth makes one so reckless in behaviour.

Let them rail on, their malice is in vain ;
The future lies before me bright and long ;
I crave not their approval of my strain ;
I seek no hireling tribute for my song.
No royal hand shall smooth my path ; I fain
Would force my way among the busy throng ;
No patronage shall gild my freeborn lyre,
But it shall burn a path with its own fire.

Let them rail on, it matters not to me :
I do not love the world nor seek to win
Its praise ; my soul is fetterless and free ;
I feel a pleasure in the angry din
That falls upon mine ear ; I will not be
A slave to that low vice, that masked sin,
That treacherous stab, that softly smiling spite,
Hypocrisy—mine is an open fight!

And now, poor Lyre, I'll lay you gently down ;
When next my hand upon your strings is pressed,
'Twill be to beard the world's chilling frown,
To snatch the grudging praises from its breast,
To add a newer ray to Vict'ry's crown,
To scale, with fearless feet, the mountain's crest,
To fling the gauntlet down, and proudly brave
Fame's trumpet-glory or Oblivion's grave.

We will not wound again those ladies fair,
And virtuous, and kind, whose certain age
Might teach them to be merciful, and spare
A youthful poet, nor begin to wage
Unequal war with one who loves to dare
The world. If they were wise, and keen, and sage,
As they pretend to be, they'd show no desire
To play with swords, to walk thro' quenchless fire.

Think they that fair, immaculate snow-storm
Can damp the burning passions of my heart ;
Think they to quench the fire, that glows so warm,
With little snow-flakes which melt ere they smart.
They only give new vigour to mine arm,
And teach me how to point the eager dart ;
My native fire might blind with a false ray,
The cooling snow-drops clear that mist away.

There is a certain passion which doth glow
Within the breast of ladies who are known
To be intensely virtuous ; even the snow
Grows black and smirched when rudely trodden on ;
And when a lady's youth means long ago
She grows so wondrous sharp that walls of stone
Can nothing hide from her, if those who err
Are younger, fairer, more beloved than her.

I may be wrong, and yet I have some knowledge
Of things in general, and I think were I
Possessed of all the ologies a college
Bestows on some bright minds, I'd never try
To make my name immortalized for all age
By bending first a cold and longing eye
On other gems, and then rudely claim
Whatever light they shed to gild my name.

I'm a young bard, and had no pretension
To fame until a little while ago,
When I was startled by the close attention
Of learned men and ladies chaste as snow.

Some things they said, I do not care to mention ;
But even modest-minded bards, you know,
Must grow a little vain if their poorer verses
Make learned ladies frown, and merit critic's curses.

I like a little war ; I was not made
To live a quiet life ; within my breast
Dwell restless longings ; I would bare the blade,
And feel no peace until my hand be pressed
Upon mine enemy, or I be laid
Unarmed, but unsubdued—lifeless, but not at rest.
The joys that meeker women crave are not for me :
Ambition is my idol ; my faith is Victory.

I've learned some lessons young : I think the world
Not worth the trusting ; those we trust grow cold.
I've seen a sly and smiling falsehood hurled
By lips that called me friend, and sweetly told
That Fame for me her banners had unfurled.
'Tis my belief there's nothing true but gold ;
'Tis bright, 'tis beautiful, and its voice is sweet—
'Twill buy the haughtiest, saintliest, to our feet.

If I have erred upon the side of vanity
In this short poem, the fault's not all mine own ;
Erstwhile I thought myself a mere inanity
In Fame's broad circle ; now 'tis clearly shown
I'm very clever, and a mild insanity
Has touched me since that truth became well known ;
I like the change, such notoriety
Makes one so charmed with one's own society.

I think an older head than mine would turn
If loaded with such pleasant adulation ;
Nay, 'tis my very youth that makes me spurn,
With calm contempt, each false insinuation ;
When all youth's freshness from my heart is worn,
The world I'll hold in much more veneration.
Critics and learned maids are my aversion,
Tho' this may sound a very pert assertion.

And now, farewell awhile to friends and foes ;
If my poor song has made one heart more bright,
That thought will melt the heaviest, deepest snows
That glow o'er Etna's fires of living light.
Upon my restless heart the bitter blows
Have left no mark ; in faith, this little fight
Has made me anxious for a louder fray
Than that which I have trifled with to-day.

THE RIVER.

OVER the river the gloom fell down,
The brightness fled from the day-king's crown,
The stars peeped out thro' the veil of night,
And the shield of the moon shone cold and white ;
A keen wind swept thro' the moaning trees,
And a spirit-voice was in the breeze.
Over the river the low voice swept,
And the murmuring waves looked up and wept ;
A bell, swung high in the lofty tower,
Pealed solemnly out on the twilight hour—
“ Angel of God ! ” and the words fell down
With a mystical sob on the grey old town.

'Twas a quaint old city, of spotless fame,
With a motto of light around its name,
And it stood, with a graceful, stately pride,
By a beautiful river's sun-clad side.
It was circled round with a storied wall
Which had baffled a proud invader's thrall,
And towers and turrets of grey old stone
Bore marks of the deeds its chiefs had done.
The trophied spoils of a prouder day
No longer waved from its ramparts grey ;
The cheering lute and clashing sword
No more in its ancient halls were heard.

In the dreamy hush of the twilight hour
The Angelus pealed from the tall church tower,
A tremulous sadness stirred the air,
And the river grew quiet in the hush of pray'r ;
The twinkling stars grew still and calm,
And the wind swept by like a whispered psalm.
'Twas an hour of prayer, an hour of rest,
When gentle thoughts fill the weary breast,
When the burdened spirit grows free and light,
And tear-dimmed eyes flash soft and bright,
And we humbly say, with the Sinless One,
To the Angel of God, " Thy will be done."

But tho' earth was wrapped in a tender calm,
And the air was soft as a breath of balm,
There were spirits bowed by weary care,
And souls that were writhing in cold despair ;
There were youthful hearts grown hard and cold,
And girlish lips grown fierce and bold ;
There were eyes, once meek as the gentle dove,
Now hot with the fiery glow of love ;
And a satin cheek, once cool and pale,
Glowing deeply red thro' passion's veil ;
There was reckless strife in a youthful soul,
Wandering away from its destined goal.

Two figures stood by the river side—
One coldly calm with a conscious pride,
And one whose trembling hands were pressed
With passionate pain to her throbbing breast.
His large black eyes looked proudly down,
His brow was dark with a heavy frown ;
Yet the form that drooped, in fear, at his side
He had sworn one day should be his bride.
And she was fair, and the face that shone
Thro' the gloom was bright as the morning's dawn,
And large, and soft, and deeply brown
Were the eyes that shrank from his heavy frown.

There by the river, sad and grey,
While the Angelus pealed its solemn lay,
He told her his heart was wholly given
To a maid as pure as the star-lit heaven;
And with careless sneer and heartless pride,
He said that this maiden should be his bride.
And he whispered "*She* is not frail as *thou*—
No shame-flush darkens her lovely brow ;
She loves me, too, and ere the sun
Another course o'er the earth has run—
Yes, with the noon of another day,
She will be mine for ever and aye."

"And what of me?"—her voice was low,
And her cheek as pale as the mountain snow ;
She raised her eyes, and their strange, wild light
Flashed out like stars thro' the gloom of night—
"I loved you well, and my heart was true
As tempered steel in its faith to you ;
All that was purest, fondest, best,
For you I shrined in my silent breast.
'Tis over now, yet I curse you not,
But by you my name shall be ne'er forgot.
Farewell for ever !—this night we part,
And the curse I leave is your own false heart."

She sped from his side like a flash of light,
Away thro' the threat'ning gloom of night ;
A haunting fear stole into his breast,
And filled his soul with a wild unrest ;
He turned away from the river side
To seek his beautiful, trusting bride.
Was that a cry !—he paused in dread,
But all was still as the home of the dead ;
A ripple passed o'er the river's face,
And a silent horror fell on the place ;
He hurried away, but the haunting gloom
Lay on his heart like the hand of doom.

Over the river the joy-bells rang,
And the waves re-echoed their merry clang ;
The sun danced forth with a radiance bright,
The fair bride blushed in her robes of white.
Never a cloud on the bridegroom's brow,
As he spoke at the altar his solemn vow ;
But the holy words and hallowed place
Could not hide from his heart a pallid face.
The lips he pressed on his bride's veiled head
Were cold as the lips of the silent dead ;
And he who was vaunted so proud and brave,
Grew pale at the sound of a rippling wave.

Away from the church to his lordly home—
Let the wassail shout ring to its lofty dome ;
Flowers are flung beneath their feet,
Music is 'round them gay and sweet,
Gladness and sunshine stream from above,
And the air is soft as the breath of love.
What is that on the dewy grass,
Just where the white-robed bride must pass ?
Only a woman, small and fair,
With long, loose waves of golden hair,
With silken lashes pressed softly down
Over sightless eyes of deep, deep brown.

Right in the path of the bride she lay—
A sorrowful sight on a bridal day—
The lady paused, with a shriek of dread ;
The bridegroom gazed on the face of the dead—
'Twas Eveleen's face ; not wildly bright ;
As he saw it gleam 'neath the stars last night ;
Now he knew that the ripple which stirred the wave
Was the river closing above her grave.
And now once more by her side he stood,
And a frozen horror was in his blood ;
In garments wet with the river-foam
She welcomed his bride to his stately home.

Tho' many a year has passed away
 On the wing of time since his bridal day,
 And Eveleen's grave is fresh and green,
 A smile on his face was never seen ;
 The past lay hid in his silent breast,
 And his tortured heart sought in vain for rest.
 By the fair, blue river they dug her grave,
 And oft when the Angelus stirs the wave,
 In the hush of the twilight, cold and grey,
 A drooping figure comes here to pray
 That the sins of their souls may be forgiven,
 And their spirits meet in the halls of heaven.

M A R Y .

“He that will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me.”—(MATT. xvi., 24.)

THE ANNUNCIATION.

EVENING brooded o'er a valley in a land far, far away ;
 The golden sunbeams trembled on the languid brow
 of day ;
 In the West a crimson glory flushed the deeply azure sky,
 And broad bars of gold were resting on the mountain, bare
 and high.
 The great, strong heart of Nature scarcely beat, so still and
 deep
 Was the slumb'rous calm that bathed all the restless world
 in sleep ;
 Never since the Great Creator's wondrous wisdom gave them
 birth
 Had such beauty, and such radiance, and such glory, lit the
 earth.
 All around the brow of Heaven gleamed a rich, refulgent
 light,
 Brighter than the broad Aurora in the purple dusk of night ;

Golden lines of light hung downward—'twas a strange and mystic thing—
Like the lances of the angels when they stand before the King ;
A deep and subtle perfume floated on the evening air,
Like the cloud of incense wafted from the Seraph's ceaseless prayer ;
And a tinkling, silvery cadence mingled with the billow's roar—
'Twas the echo of the golden harps on heaven's far-off shore.
But tho' *all* the earth was bathed in that new, mysterious light,
One spot within the valley was more purely, clearly bright ;
All the glorious hosts of heaven, with their King, were gathered there,
Where a gentle, fair-browed maiden lowly bent in humble prayer.
All the glory that was shining 'round that holy, hallowed place,
Could not match the saintly beauty of her fair, uplifted face ;
Tho' the Godhead's hand had painted the deep purple of that sky,
'Twas not half so blue and cloudless as her softly smiling eye ;
And the long hair, floating backward from her pure, unruffled brow,
Wore the same rich hues that sparkled in the sunset's golden glow ;
Not a shadow dimmed the brightness of the lovely girlish face ;
Sorrow's withering hand had never on her forehead left a trace ;
Purer than the snow-capped mountains, where man's foot-steps never rest,
Were the thoughts and dreams that bounded in that lowly maiden's breast ;
All the prayers of all the angels in the radiant halls above,
Were dim before the splendour of that spotless being's love.

And the Almighty Father seated, crowned with glory, on
His throne,
Destined that this humble virgin should be Mother of His
Son;
Mother of the Lord of Glory—Mother of the King of Light—
Queen of Earth and Queen of Heaven—Queen of all that's
great and bright;
And He sent His angel downward, when His royal word
was given,
To tell the lowly creature she should bear the God of
Heaven.
Ah! what marvel that she trembled, and the lovely face
grew pale,
As she heard, in speechless wonder, the angel's mystic tale;
For her spirit, deep, far-reaching, saw at once the dreadful
doom—
Saw the soldiers, heard the thunders, saw the gibbet's fearful
gloom;
And the shadow fell upon her, and the landscape fair and
bright,
Lost that day, and lost for ever, its joyous, sunny light;
Yet she raised her forehead meekly, where the Father's glory
shone,
And she said, "Behold Thy handmaid; be Thy will for ever
done!"

THE NATIVITY.

Wildly moaned the winds of winter thro' the long, deserted
street,
And the deep snow gave no echo of the weary travellers'
feet,
As a slender, fainting girl, passed along from door to door,
Humbly craving rest and shelter till that dreary night was
o'er.
Flinty hearts alone responded to the maiden's earnest prayer,
Untouched by her pale, sweet beauty, and her loosened
yellow hair;

Yet she smiled with patient sadness, as she slowly turned
away,
To seek rest within a stable, on some damp and scattered
hay,
And while the wintry breezes moaned above her golden
head,
A trembling Babe was born in that cold and dreary shed ;
And the gentle mother shivering thro' the wind and falling
snow,
Strove to still His feeble wailing, as she rocked Him to and
fro.
Mary's heart was deeply happy, as she clasped her Babe to
rest,
Clasped her Child within her arms, clasped her God upon
her breast.
O, what glory for a creature ! Mother of the Heaven's King !
Lying weakly on her bosom a feeble, wailing thing.
Thro' the midnight's solemn stillness rose the angels' joyous
song,
And the rude, sharp winds grew gentle as they bore the strain
along.
On the manger's straw she laid him, and the mild-eyed oxen
came
With their sweet, hot breath to warm the trembling Infant's
frame.
Then she humbly knelt beside Him, rapture shining in her
eyes,
Drinking in His baby beauty, stilling all His baby cries.
Happy Mother ! love and worship in her bosom blent in
one,
For the Babe that lay before her was her God, and yet her
Son.
Ah, sweet Mother ! clasp Him closely, kiss again His baby
face,
Fill your heart with every feature, every winning infant grace.
Can you trace the crimson bloodmarks on the lovely, spot-
less brow ?
Does the silken skin give token of the ruthless murderer's
blow ?

No ; but deep within your bosom you can see that vision
still ;
See the cords and blood-stained thorns, and the rugged,
cross-crowned hill,
And you dare not ask the Father to release His only Son ;
You have said, " Behold Thy handmaid ; be Thy will for
ever done !"

THE CRUCIFIXION.

To the plains of far Judea, noontide's radiant hour was given,
But no sunlight's golden glory lit the angry face of Heaven ;
Calvary's Hill was thickly peopled ; guards and soldiers
stood around ;
Broken cords and scattered garments lay upon the rugged
ground.
Loudly pealed the rolling thunder, and the lightning's lurid
blaze
Flashed its blood-red splendour hotly o'er each pallid,
frightened face ;
The great earth reeled and trembled, and the mountain's
solid rock
Shivered like a fragile aspen in the earthquake's fearful
shock ;
Heaven's brow was black as midnight ; the sun had set in
dread,
It would not gild the thorn-crown on its] Maker's dying head ;
From the doomed city's temple rang the noontide trumpets
high,
And the gathering host of Heaven answered with a dreadful
cry.
But, oh ! the fearful splendour of that lonely, fatal hill,
Where the life-blood of a God was shed to do His Father's
will.
Where is Mary ? We have seen her kneeling in the peaceful
vale,
Listening, in a voiceless rapture, to the angels' mystic tale ;
Then her face was fair and cloudless, and her heart was
warm and bright,

And her eyes as sweetly sparkled as the noontide's orb of
light;
And we've seen the fair, young mother, bending o'er her
baby's bed,
While the cruel snow fell thickly on her drooping, golden
head;
Then her heart was full of gladness, for her tender arms
pressed
All she loved and all she worshipped to her wildly-beating
breast.
Now, O Mother! well and truly in His footsteps you have
trod;
Bearing up the Cross as bravely and as firmly as your God—
She was standing calm and silent 'neath the gibbet's fearful
shade,
While the fitful, lurid lightning on her pallid features played.
Not a sound escaped her bosom, not a tear-drop dimmed her
eye,
And her noble form stood firmly, while her eyes were fixed
on high;
Fixed in moveless, voiceless worship, on that tender, droop-
ing face,
Which had never looked so lovely, never worn such radiant
grace.
When the hammer's dreadful music smote upon her tortured
ear,
Tho' her very soul was riven, her face was calm and clear;
Magdalen and John lay prostrate, clinging to the blood-
stained sod;
But such anguish could not shake *her*—the Mother of a God.
Who has ever known a sorrow like that Mother's bitter woe?
What heart was ever broken 'neath so keen and cruel a blow?
She whom God had loved and cherished more than lover,
brother, friend,
He has made her drink the chalice of His Passion to the
end.
And she saw the savage soldiers sitting 'round, with oaths
and jeers,
Casting lots upon the garments He had worn so many years;

And she saw the seamless tunic, which her own fair hands
 had spun,
When the rosy light of boyhood shone around her gentle
 Son.
But the Mother's lips were silent, and the Mother's heart
 was still ;
She had come to Calvary's summit but to do the Father's
 will ;
And at last, when day was closing in the redly-flushing
 West,
From the shameful Cross they took Him, and laid Him on
 her breast.
Oh, Mother ! 'twas an hour of which no human pen could
 tell ;
Only you could feel such anguish, only you could love so
 well.
She spoke not when they laid him in the rude, unpolished
 tomb,
Yet her deep and fearful sorrow bore no trace of selfish
 gloom ;
Calm, and beautiful, and tender, from his grave, she passed
 away,
And took us, His ransomed children, to her heart that
 blessed day.
Blessed—yes, for by His Passion, and His Mother's love
 sublime,
We were rescued from the bondage of our first frail mother's
 crime.

THE ASSUMPTION.

Now the very heart of summer beat in far Judea's land,
And the noontide's golden glory made the earth look wildly
 grand ;
All was light and radiant beauty on that day of joy and
 prayer,
When the hum of angels' voices filled the languid evening
 air ;

For the long, dark night is over—Mary's pilgrimage is done—
And the angels bear her upward to her throne beside her Son.
List the strains of holy music, floating gladly far and wide,
As the Son beholds His Mother, radiant, star-crowned by His side;
The Almighty Father crowns her Queen of all that angel throng
Floating 'round their lovely mistress, with the loud, triumphal song—
“*De posuit potentes de sede*,” rang the strain;
“*Et exaltavit humiles*,” earth gave back the note again.
Deep and dreadful was the woe thro' which that gentle Mother passed;
And a joy as deep and boundless has been given her at last;
Not thro' paths of flowery beauty have her steady footsteps trod,
But up hills of rocky hardness, fashioned by the hand of God.
So must we go toiling onward, till we gain the mountain's crest,
And upon its lofty summit lay the Cross and take our rest;
But not midway must we linger, never pausing to look down
On the lovely sun-lit valley, and the gay and smiling town;
Sparkling rills may flow around us, and our feet be cut and sore,
But we may not wash the blood-stains 'till the weary march be o'er;
And as nearer looms the summit, harder, sharper, grows the track;
Pause not then, look bravely upward, never dream of turning back.
Tho' the cross should drain your like-blood, and you writhe beneath the rod,
Onward, onward, you are treading in the footprints of a God;
Look beyond the gloomy mountain, to the regions of the blest,
Where the galling Cross is taken from us, and we sink to rest.

She will aid the weary toiler, she will whisper in his ear
The *Ne timeas* of the angel, and will dry the sufferer's tear ;
Let us then go bravely upward, till the golden crown is won,
Saying, "Lord, behold Thy servant ; be Thy will for ever
done!"

THE DEAD LYRE.

ARE you asleep, my Lyre ? Do you not feel
The wildly mournful throbbing of my heart ?
I could not from your side in silence steal,
Yet soon, sweet one, we must for ever part.
We have been faithful friends, thro' woe and weal,
The joys you felt to me you did impart,
And every bounding hope and dreary pain
Which thrilled my heart I spoke to you again.

How can you calmly sleep ? my love, awake,
And speak one word to stay my falling tears ;
Nor gold nor fame have tempted me to break
The ties that bound our hearts so many years.
I would have roamed the world for your dear sake,
With lightsome heart, unheeding woes and fears ;
Yet every tie that bound us now must sever,
And we must part, and part, sweet one, for ever.

For ever! yet I could not love you more—
You grew into my heart till you became
Its very root of life—and now 'tis o'er ;
'Twas God's hand planted you, and now the same
Hand must uproot you from the quivering core
Of that lone heart which your undying flame
Filled with such beauty and unfading light,
That even the storm-clouds to us seemed bright.

A little while ago I proudly said

They could not part *us*--now, oh, my lone one!

Look at me once, lift up your drooping head,

Let the sweet smile which oft around me shone
Sparkle once more, its beauty has not fled.

A week ago, one word of mine had won

Your love's best splendour—is its beauty o'er?

And will you, fondest, dearest, smile on me no more?

I could not love you more; you were to me

What others deemed a lover, and I gave

All things I had—thoughts, beautiful and free—

Love, deep and voiceless as the silent grave—

I hung upon your words in ecstasy—

No storied hero seemed so bright and brave

As you; without you darkness palled my heart,

Yet now—you do not stir—we must *for ever part*.

I may not wake again the sweet old song

Which thrilled so often on your golden string;

My fingers nevermore will stray among

Your sounding chords, but memory will cling

Around you still; you were my all so long,

Your beauty from my life I cannot fling;

And tho' they quench the starlight of your face,

Within my heart you still must find a place.

Why are you silent?—see the blue Suir weeps;

It knows I've looked my last on it and you;

Sweet river! tell me why my dear love sleeps,

Has not my heart been ever firm and true?

What strange, cold stiffness o'er each fair limb creeps?

I shall but ask one word, one *last* adieu,

Then, while my soul is resolute and brave,

Within the Suir's fair breast I'll make your grave.

Still silent—well, sleep on; I may not stay,
Henceforth, sweet one, far other work is mine,
Some other heart must gladden at your lay;
Some other hand the laurels round you twine.
My work is done—when I am far away,
Remember 'twas my hand that made you shine
With such wild lustre, and then think of me
As one who loved you fondly, faithfully.

And now, old city of my birth, farewell!
Mine eyes shall rest on your grey walls no more;
Each fairy dream and bright poetic spell
Those scenes wove round me, is for ever o'er.
Last night I heard the faint, sweet vesper bell
Ring o'er the Suir—I'll hear it there no more;
Miles shall divide us ere again that chime
Shall wake the Sabbath echoes with its rhyme.

Truly I loved old Waterford, but, oh!
Dim was that love before the flashing fire
Of the deep passion which you taught to glow—
Light of my soul! my silent, sleeping Lyre!
Thro' summer's sun and winter's heavy snow
You were my heart's sole beautiful desire;
'Twas a half pagan love; you gave me all
Things that I cared for, and I loved the thrall.

I cannot leave you thus, my Lyre, my Lyre!
Look up one moment; let me feel each string
Break in my clasp; let my hot heart's fire
Burn from your pathway every earthly thing.
Never again, save in the angels' choir,
Shall Poetry's wild splendour 'round you cling.
Be still—I'll tear each burning string apart,
And bury them for ever in my heart.

Think you I'd live and know that you who were
The starlight of my life, had lent your light
To make another's pathway sweet and fair.

No ; you are *mine*, and never shall a night
Of parting come between us. I shall wear
You in my heart for ever ; the wild might
Of love like mine can quench Fate's deadly breath,
And laugh defiance in the face of death.

Ha ! you are safe ; they cannot take you now ;
You're *dead*, my Lyre ! my beautiful, my own !
And now my jealous love's strong passionate glow
Will light the grave where you must sleep alone.
No, no !—they could not part us, and our vow
Is still unbroken. Here my work is done ;
In other scenes I now must take a part,
And bear your grave for ever in my heart.

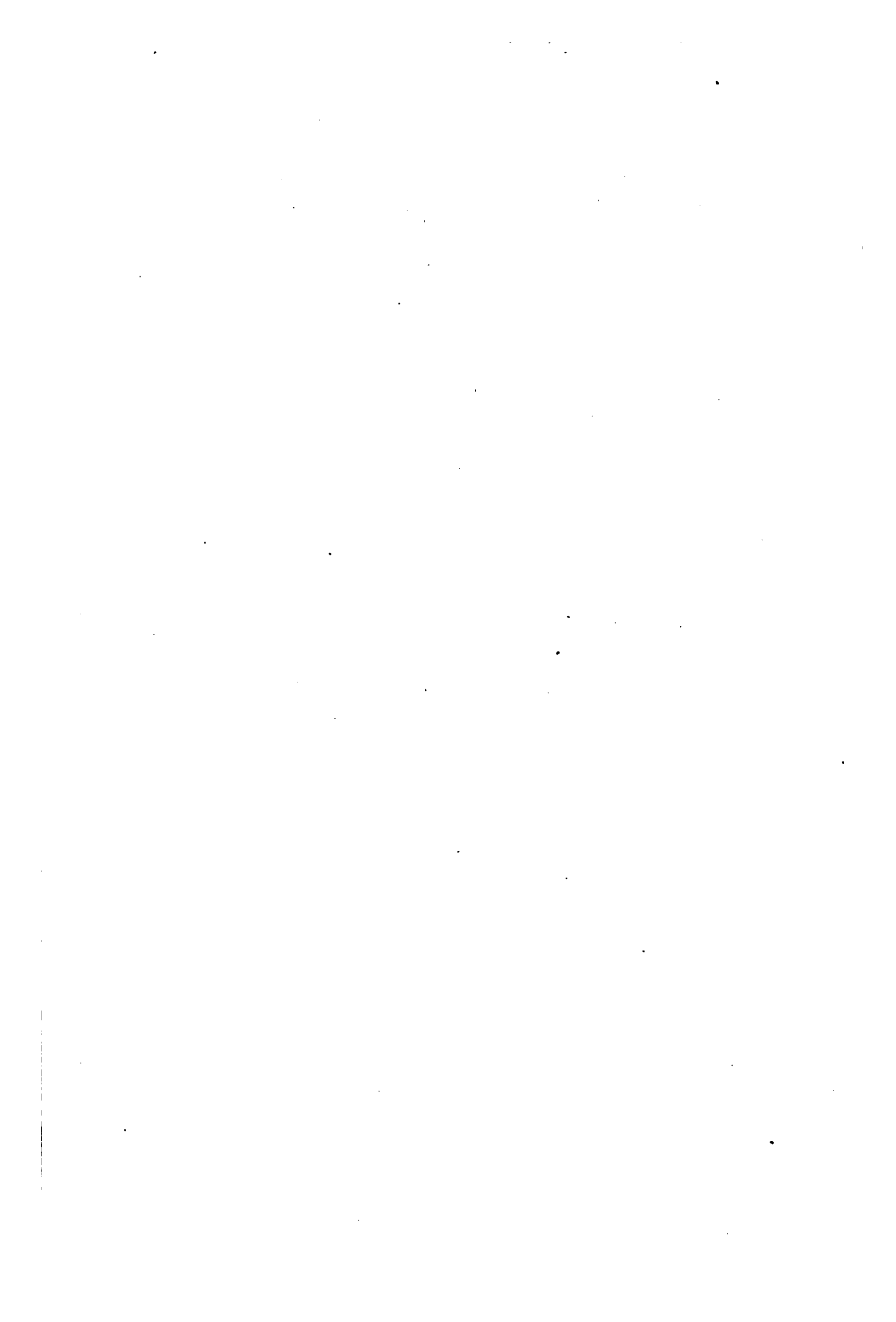






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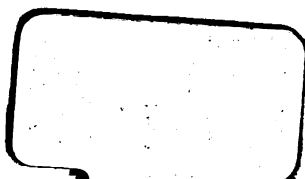






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